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ADMIRAL SAMUEL F. DUPONT, COMMANDING THE FLEET OFF CHARLESTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

TU GUVERNOR CANNON OV DELAWARE.

Here is a grate gun at last!
In the mold ov Freedum cast,
Made tu put daown treeson.
Ef so be these rebbels dare
Tu strut raound in Delaware,
He will know the reeson!

He don't feel a call tu grin
When fokes up and tawk agin
Lincoln's Administrashun;
And refuse tu stir a mite
Hail Columby's foes tu fite,
For tu save the nashun.

He thinks 'tain't much ov a joke
When fokes North begin tu croak
Fur the sake ov party:
He thinks Freemen shood unite
Tu go in fur what is rite,
And support it hearty.

While the Suthern rebbels brag
That thay'll trample daown aour flag,
And proceed tu du it,
He thinks every Northern man
Ought tu strike 'em where he can,
Or be made tu rue it!

He's the gun tu make a noise!
Jest the kind ov metal, boys,
Thet we want fur traitors!
When Columby is sot free,
She will kaount sich men es he
Es her liberators.

Charity Grimes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 25, 1863.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

It is not to be disguised that our relations with Great Britain have reached a most critical pass. The speeches of the Solicitor-General of England and of Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, on 27th March, indicate a determined purpose on the part of the British Government to persevere in the work of fitting out piratical vessels in British ports to prey upon our merchant navy. It was well shown by Messrs. Forster, Baring, and others, that the equipment of the *Florida* and *Alabama* was in violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act; and that other similar vessels—some say eighteen, others fourteen—are being constructed for the rebels at Liverpool and other British ports, without let or hindrance by the Government, and will soon be at sea, manned by British sailors, armed with British guns, and as thoroughly British in every respect as the *Warrior* herself. The only answer to these cogent facts was some legal quips and quibbles in the *Nisi Prius* style by the Solicitor, and a sneer from Lord Palmerston about "the Americans always picking a quarrel with England whenever they got into trouble."

Passing over the insolence of the latter speaker, who has been well said to represent the black-leg element in the British Cabinet, and the cheap erudition of the lawyer who was hired to defend the Government, the fact remains that we are practically at war with Great Britain without the power of reprisals. Every British dock-yard is now engaged in building steamers to capture and burn our merchantmen, to run our blockade, and to bombard our defenseless sea-board cities. The evidence points irresistibly to the conclusion that all the authorities and men in stations of influence in England are in the conspiracy against us. Lord Palmerston considers our complaints of the destruction of thirty odd American vessels by the British cruiser *Alabama* mere indications of our wish to pick a quarrel with England; Lord Russell sees no ground for arresting the *Alabama* until he has been assured she has got safely to sea, when he issues his tardy warrant; Member of Parliament Laird laughs—and the House of Commons re-echoes the laugh—at the objections which are made to his supplying the rebels with a navy; the Commissioners of Customs, with their ears stuffed with cotton and their pockets with the produce of Confederate bonds, are ready to swear off the most obvious Confederate steamer as a harmless craft intended for the Emperor of China; and the merchants, ship-builders, and newspapers of England all claim the right of furnishing the rebels with a navy, and denounce us furiously for objecting to their conduct.

These events have very naturally aroused a general and intense hostility to England among all classes in this country. There has never been a time when hatred of the English was so deep or so wide-spread as it is at present. There has never been a period at which war with England could have been more generally welcomed than at present—if we were free to engage in a foreign war.

Yet we do not believe that war is imminent. We can not afford the luxury. The struggle in which we are engaged taxes all our resources, and to carry it safely through to a successful issue will require our undivided energies. For this reason we do not anticipate that our Government will declare war against England—though it has ample ground for doing so; or will even declare an embargo, or seize British property to recompense our ship-owners for the losses they are suffering through the piratical acts of British vessels.

Our cue just now is to suffer every thing from foreigners for the sake of concentrating our whole strength on the suppression of the rebellion. When this is done, we shall have time to devote to our foreign enemies.

So soon as the restoration of the Union has been achieved, we look to see energetic measures adopted by our Government for the settlement of accounts with England. We expect to see every man who has lost a dollar by the depredations of the *Alabama* paid in full, with interest, by the British Government. The amount can always be collected in the port of New York. Half a dozen British steamers and a score of British ships seized and sold at auction by the United States Marshal would go far to make a balance. And when England next goes to war, let her look out for retaliation. Though her antagonist be only some Hottentot chief, the ocean shall bristle with American cruisers bearing his flag, and England may rely upon it, that for every peaceful American trader that has been burned during this war by British pirates, ten British vessels will then be destroyed. The next war in which England engages will be the end of her foreign commerce. We mistake our countrymen greatly, if, at the end of twelve months, they leave a ship bearing the British flag afloat in any sea from the German Ocean to Behring's Straits.

But the watch-word now must be—Patience!

CHARLESTON.

The attack on Charleston has been made, and has failed. Admiral Du Pont has withdrawn, after losing one vessel and three or four men, being perfectly satisfied that it was hopeless to renew the contest with the force he has. His opinion is shared by all who are acquainted with the facts. With an ingenuity and industry worthy of a better cause, the rebels have so obstructed the approaches to the port of Charleston that no vessel can enter until the obstructions—consisting of a combination of piles, stakes, chains, ropes, nets, and torpedoes—have been removed. Upon these obstructions the fire of the principal works commanding the harbor has been concentrated, so that a vessel engaged in attempting to remove them is exposed to a fire compared to which the *feu d'enfer* which destroyed Sebastopol was a mere summer shower. Over three hundred guns, carrying missiles of the largest and most destructive character—100-pound and 200-pound rifled shot, shell, and bolts—poured an incessant hail upon the eight gun-boats, carrying 16 guns, which vainly endeavored to bombard Fort Sumter on 7th inst. It is clear that, until we can devise means of blowing up or tearing away the artificial barrier which arrested our vessels under the combined fire of the rebel batteries on 7th, it would be useless to renew the attack.

Each person draws his own inferences and forms his own opinion of the affair, according to his hopes and views, and the temper of his mind. The most obvious of all inferences is that it insures an indefinite prolongation of the war. Had we destroyed Fort Sumter and occupied Charleston there would have been good ground for expecting the early collapse of the rebellion. As it is, the rebels will of course be encouraged to persevere in their rebellion, while we shall merely renew our preparations for another and possibly a more successful attack. It will, however, take several months to build more iron-clads, and develop new engines of warfare capable of overcoming submarine obstructions and torpedoes. The fine mind of Captain Ericsson and the ablest intellects in the service of the navy are already engaged on the subject, and we doubt not but they will succeed in inventing the article that is wanted. To a nation fixed and resolute in its purpose as this is, failure is impossible.

No one who watches the public mind can have helped observing the improvement which we are making in stoutheartedness. A few months ago a little defeat depressed us woefully, and depreciated the currency six to eight per cent. Now, the public accept defeats as well as victories as the natural incidents of war, and are neither excessively depressed by the one nor unduly elated by the other. Du Pont's repulse at Charleston, which was certainly not palliated or glossed over in the accounts in the papers, gave rise to no despair, to no abuse of Du Pont or the Government, and barely caused a flutter in the gold market.

This nation is being educated to its work. The race of ninety-day prophets—who did us so much harm at the beginning, and made us so ridiculous abroad—is about extinct. No one now undertakes to say how soon we shall crush the rebellion. But no one doubts that we shall do so sooner or later. We may meet with more repulses at Charleston and Vicksburg. General Hooker may be defeated, as General Burnside was. General Rosecrans, who has never yet lost a battle, may meet with trouble. We may lose territory as well as battles. But none of these disasters will alter our purpose of going on with the work in hand until it is accomplished. There never was a time since the war broke out when the people of the North were more unanimous than they are at present in favor of the prosecution of the war, and against the division of the Union on any terms whatsoever. Whatever disappointments and delays the contest may involve, and whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo—even though a foreign war be superadded to the civil war in which we are engaged—the firm, unequivocal, steadfast purpose of the people of the United States, in the face of defeat, as in the hour of victory, and in spite of all official shortcomings and administrative blunders and incapacity, is to proceed steadily with the war until the rebellion has been crushed, the entire territory of our fathers restored to the national domain, and the blessings of peace secured to our children forever.

THE "KEOKUK."

Another of our iron-clad fleet is gone. The *Monitor* succumbed to the storm; the *Keokuk* lived eleven hours with nineteen large shot-holes between wind and water, and after sustaining a fire which would have destroyed a wooden ship in ten minutes. Three important points were developed in her short life: 1st, that she was an excellent sea-going steamer; 2d, that she had attained a speed of ten knots an hour; and, 3d, that the ventilation was perfect without artificial aid. Her armor did not prove thick enough, but she was so small that she could not have supported thicker plates. On a larger vessel the armor might be increased.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THE UNION.

On the 28th February an article upon "Antipathy of Race and Religion" appeared in these columns, and allusion was made to the Madrid house of the bankers Rothschild. In reference to that article we have received the following note from W. W. Murphy, Esq., Consul-General of the United States at Frankfort, Germany:

"Consulate-General of the U. S. A.,
Frankfort-on-the-Main, *March* 16, 1863.

"In your paper, *Harper's Weekly*, of February 28, you do a great injustice to the eminent firm of Rothschilds here, when you hint that they are like a certain Rabbi who held opinions that some men were born to be slaves. I know not what the other firms—and there are many of the Rothschilds, all related—in Europe think of slavery, but here the firm of M. A. Von Rothschild & Son are opposed to slavery and in favor of Union. *A converted Jew*, Erlanger, has taken the rebel loan of £3,000,000, and lives in this city; and Baron Rothschild informed me that all Germany condemned this act of lending money to establish a slaveholding government, and that so great was public opinion against it that Erlanger & Co. dare not offer it on the Frankfort bourse. I further know that the Jews rejoice to think that none of their sect would be guilty of loaning money for the purpose above named; but it was left, they say, for apostate Jews to do it.

"I hope you will correct the statement you made about this firm.

Yours truly,
"W. W. Murphy."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REPORT.

The Report of the Committee upon the conduct of the war will be variously interpreted. But no thoughtful man will deny its emphatic testimony to the sagacity of the President. Clear commonsense in the conduct of all affairs, civil and military, is invaluable, and that the President unquestionably has. His mildness and forbearance are no less conspicuous. And it is impossible not to smile when you read the asseverations of patriotic orators of the Copperhead class about the fearful despotism under which we are suffering, and think of the patient waiting upon public opinion of President Lincoln.

Last summer when a friend, who knew and mentioned to the Lounger many of the facts in the report, was asked why the President, having lost confidence in M'Clellan, did not remove him, he answered rather tartly, "It is not the President's way." Fortunately it is not. This is a people's war. It can prosper only as the people support it. When public opinion fails to justify and continue it, then the nation will be conquered and the Government destroyed. From the beginning, therefore, the President has sought to conduct it in accordance with the public sentiment He has not moved faster than the general opinion. He has seemed, indeed, to many to lag and linger behind it. The reasons for his course will be clearly enough stated in any proper history of the times, for they are very readily perceived. It may not have been the best conceivable way, but it was the only practicable way.

It is plain, therefore, that while a great political party was interested in M'Clellan as a possible instrument for future purposes—which was a notorious fact—and while many of all parties were of opinion that he should be allowed a trial of his capacity upon so large a scale and so broad a theatre that every body could see and be satisfied, it would have been extremely unwise in the President to have removed him until the results of the campaign had caused the country to share his convictions. So after Pope's disastrous campaign the temporary appointment of M'Clellan to the command of the army at Washington was doubtless the best thing practicable under the circumstances, from which the popularity of that General with the army and other Generals was plainly manifest.

In the case of General Burnside, his own frank and generous statement that there was hardly a general officer in his command who approved of his active campaign beyond the Rappahannock, after the battle of Fredericksburg, was sufficient reason for the President to decline to consent to the movement without consultation. But in the matter of Burnside's General Order No. 8, which he considered essential to the discipline of his army, the President said that the General was right, but he wanted time to advise. Finally, he declined to confirm the order, but refused General Burnside's resignation, and relieved him of his command. It is perfectly clear that this noble and brave soldier, whom the hearts of his countrymen follow and bless, was caballed out of his command. It was clearly unwise to maintain him at the head of an army of which the general officers did not confide in his ability, or who were too deeply devoted to another to be just to him. But there is little doubt that the American people and history will differ in opinion from the general officers. No man's record in this war is more loyal, more able, more soldierly, more manly and spotless than General Burnside's.

The importance of the report as a part of the history of the war is incalculable. It deserves to be printed in a legible type, an honor which it has not yet achieved.

THE ARCHBISHOP ON THE CONSCRIPTION.

A Copperhead newspaper at the West having declared that Archbishop Hughes favored the new Conscription law and "all the other outrageous acts of the Administration"—adds "Well, who cares? The Right Reverend Archbishop in the Church is good authority, but in politics he is of no more consequence than the humblest citizen. All his predictions and assertions about the war, so far, have been just as far from being fulfilled or sustained by subsequent events as those of the merest country bumpkin."

Thereupon the Archbishop writes to say that he has never had any political course except to fulfill the duties and obligations of a good and loyal citizen as implied in the spirit and letter of his oath of allegiance to the United States Government. He adds: "The Archbishop thinks that if a law of Conscription had been adopted twenty months ago in the North as it had been in the South, the results would be of more humane consequences to both sections than they are to-day."

The Archbishop is evidently of opinion that when the authority of a Government has been wantonly defied by armed rebellion, although up to that moment some kind of conciliation may have been possible, yet from that moment it must be assumed that every citizen is willing to defend civil order at any cost to himself. He shows his wisdom by taking so perfectly common-sensible a view.

GASCONADE.

We have been two years at war. We have all been alternately laughing and swearing at the publicity given to military intentions and movements, and we are as childish as ever in doing the same thing. For many months an attack upon Charleston has been projected. Fleets and soldiers have been collecting. That the task was very arduous, every one knew. That the result was doubtful, every body saw. That the newspapers would agree, this time, to say nothing until they had something to say, we fondly believed.

But from the moment the expedition was known to have sailed it seemed to be a necessity to say that we had taken Charleston, that the rebels had very bad news, that the flag would fly again over Sumter upon the anniversary of its disgrace, that General Hunter and Admiral Dupont were in possession, that the back-bone of the rebellion had snapped again. It was telegraphed from Washington. It was surmised in well-informed circles. It was inferred from the want of a flag of truce. It was reasonable from our preparations. It was, etc., etc., etc.

But ever since General Banks went up the Chowan or Rowan River, in North Carolina, with forty thousand men, and landed to co-operate with Burnside by falling upon Richmond from the rear, and ever since the Chowan or Rowan River turned out to be a prolonged mud puddle, and General Banks did not stop until he reached New Orleans, there has been a salutary distrust of startling information from our expeditions. When, therefore, we read in the morning's paper that we have probably taken Charleston, we are all very sure that we shall see in the first evening edition that the capture of Charleston is not confirmed. Why, then, should the papers print what can not be believed, yet what can not fail to create an excitement? The editors know, and we all know, that it is not true. Ought we to wonder that every other nation sneers at our childish bravado and fierce gesticulation, unaccompanied by hard knocks?

Meanwhile, of course, let us hope that long before these lines are read Charleston may be ours. But we must remember that for a year the rebels have been engaged in strengthening the position by sea and land. And if you give an enemy time enough he can make almost any place impregnable. A year ago it was different. The Lounger has in his possession a letter written from Charleston upon the 18th of April, 1862, by "Yours sincerely, W. A. Hammond," to "Brig.-Genl. S. R. Anderson, comdg. So. Carolina Volunteers" in Virginia. Mr. Hammond says: "We have every thing prepared so that we can destroy our property (although I doubt the policy of it) on the first appearance of the Federal fleet."

Since that time the Lounger has seen other letters speaking of the constant passage of negroes from the back-country toward Charleston to work upon the fortifications. Thus the works from which fire and death are to be belched upon our brothers, sons, and friends are built under the lash and pistols of overseers to secure the perpetuity and ascendency of slavery. The capture of the city will be no easy task. It is a point of honor with the rebels to defend it. But Charleston is doomed as surely as Babylon. If we recoil now, it is that we may return irresistibly.

FIDELIO.

It was a severe test for Johannsen, the German Prima Donna, to appear upon the very stage on which Medori is achieving her triumphs. But her performance of *Fidelio* at the Academy was admirable and effective. There could hardly be a wider difference than that of the music of *Norma* or *Ione* and *Fidelio*. The Titanic passion and grandeur of Beethoven contrasts with the elegiac tenderness of Bellini, like a thunder-cloud with the soft cirrus vapors of a June evening; and it is some time before the mind and ear that have been listening to the graceful, facile melody of the Italian can adapt themselves to the rich and combined measures of the German.

Nor is it easy to comprehend at once the music of *Fidelio*. It lacks the melodies which hand-organs seize and boys whistle in the street. The voices are treated like instruments. The effect is not produced by airs which are accompanied by the orchestra, but by the combination of each, so that you applaud as if you heard a symphony. Yet the profound feeling and power of the *Fidelio* music are such that you must hear and hear again before its full force and significance are perceived. Johannsen is no longer young, nor has she any special prestige with the public, but her thorough comprehension of the character, her mastery of the music, and her conscientious and skillful singing, must persuade every hearer that no injustice is done to the great work.

That Beethoven had not the talent which is called "lyrical" is as true as that Milton had not dramatic genius. The symphony is the natural form of his musical expression, and the music of *Fidelio* has all the characteristics of such a work. But it is not rash to say that, while this is generally true, there is no scene in any opera superior as a musical drama to the prison act in *Fidelio*.

Every sincere lover of music will be grateful to Mr. Anchütz and Madame Johannsen for the ample hearing they have given the public of a great work so seldom heard.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

No reader will fail to ponder the "History of the Crimean War," by Kinglake, of which the two published volumes have just been issued in one by the Harpers. A taste of its quality was furnished in the April number of the Magazine by the publication of part of the historian's estimate of Louis Napoleon, which has produced so great an impression in Europe, and which recent circumstances have invested with peculiar interest in America. The work is hailed as a remarkable contribution to historical literature. The brilliant pictorial power of the author of "Eothen" is displayed with great effect upon its pages, and we shall return to its consideration when it shall have become familiar to our readers.

A GRECO-AMERICAN CITIZEN.

A young man now in Alexandria, Egypt, who signs himself a Citizen of the United States of America, and who is a subscriber to the *Weekly*, writes a letter of ardent sympathy with the national cause. "I was born in Greece," he says. "I am fellow-countryman with Themistocles, Leonidas, Miltiades, and many others; and fellow-citizen with Washington, Adams, Jefferson (but not with the ruffian Jefferson Davis, President of the Rebellion), Franklin, Fulton," etc. He adds that his father was educated in America, at "the Mount Pleasant, from 1822 to 1836, and in several other universities....and he is now at Athens, because he was one of the commanders of the revolution. But both he and myself are citizens of the noble freedom's land."

Addressing his letter to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Alexander C. Evangelides writes as follows:

"Every one who is a well-wisher for the prosperity of our country desires to hear that the Federal arms obtain the honors of victory, and that the legions of the rebels are daily yielding before the star-spangled immortal banner of the Union. Since it is accompanied by justice, the frequent successes of the arms of the Union, it is to be hoped, very soon will establish peace.

"It greatly distresses me, dear Sir, to see that these persons, being our own countrymen, should be in the wrong. They too are also brave—for Americans they could not be otherwise. As often as I read the narrations of our battles, which so marvelously your elegant pen describes, I see that every soldier is a hero, and I envy the fate of those who fall in the field of honor crowned with the laurel.

"O! that the heroism of our brothers, that is so sacrificed now on the altar of civil war, and the great sums of money spent, serve shortly for the benefit of humanity; and may we soon see the stars and stripes waving over the whole continent of America!

"I am convinced that the destiny of America is to defend the liberties of all nations by the propagation of Christianity. All the world owe to pray for the happiness of that glorious land!—the land beneath whose brilliant sky were born those illustrious men who rendered their own country glorious, and enrich the rest of the other world by their wisdom—whose names are high above, adorning the heavens of America.

"Such prayers we here address to God, we who are far away from our dear country, living in the midst of nations who are still under slavery and barbarism.

"In Alexandria are many friends of America, and their sympathies are all in favor of the Federals. As a proof of it, is that Mr. 'William S. Thayer' is incomparably more beloved and more respected than his predecessor, both for his own personal worth as well his being a strict Federalist. So that we, the few Americans who reside in Alexandria, account ourselves happy having such a representative of our noble freedom's land.

"Alexandria of Egypt, *March 8, 1863.*"

PORTLAND BALL FOR THE SOLDIERS.

The managers of a Grand Bal Masque in Portland, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers, have honored the Lounger with a card of invitation. He acknowledges it with pleasure, as another indication of the interest which unites all loyal American citizens in the prosecution of the war and in care for the soldiers who are fighting it. Among them, as he has reason to know, there is but one feeling and one resolution—that the country ought to conquer, and that it shall conquer. If it was right to begin the war, of which they have no doubt, it is right to continue it and to end it for the purpose for which it was undertaken; and whatever resists that consummation must be swept away. This is an old faith, and a very simple logic. But the faith is ineradicable, and the logic irresistible.

The Portland ball is over; but we will hope sincerely that its results will relieve, in many a worthy case, the consequences of balls of a very different kind.

LITERARY.

The charming story of Mrs. Gaskell's which has been appearing in the *Weekly* for some time past, called "A Dark Night's Work," is just issued by the Harpers in a very legible and agreeable form. The lovers of "Sylvia's Lovers" will recognize the same earnest tone, the same vital interest, which mark all the stories of the friend and biographer of Charlotte Brontë.

A capital illustrated book for boys is Edgar's "Sea Kings and Naval Heroes," issued by the same house. It tells in the liveliest and most entertaining way the stories of Rollo, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, Admiral Blake, Prince Rupert, Rodney, Nelson, Collingwood, and many more; and at this time when every American boy is familiar by everyday hearing with the honored names of other heroes, Dupont, Farragut, Porter, Worden, and the rest, this little book has a peculiar interest. There are very few boys who will read with dry eyes Nelson's story ending with the words that have an almost unparalleled pathos: "Now kiss me, Hardy."

The Country Parson has written another of his chatty, pleasant books, the "Every Day Philosopher," published by Ticknor & Co., who also issue a very neat library edition of John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty." It is a masterly treatise, which every one must read who would know the views of so noble a thinker. His "Representative Government," published by the Harpers, is a later work of especial interest to us. His suggestions upon the representation of minorities will not escape attention as a forward movement in the Republican system.

Carleton believes in books that will create a "sensation." Of this kind is Mrs. Edwin James's "Wanderings of a Beauty," which owes its success to the name of the author, and to certain personal portraitures. He also publishes the second series of Orpheus C. Kerr's "Sketches," which, if as good as the first, are very ludicrous. The "Prisoner of State" is a book which it is a pity any loyal man should have published, because no loyal man could have written. It is intended to show under what a deplorable despotism we are living, and succeeds in proving that no great nation at war was ever so magnanimously tolerant of traitors, rebels, and pernicious citizens, as this. It is a book without interest, without talent, with nothing noticeable but feeble spite. "If I can't whip you, I can make mouths at your sister," is the spirit of this performance.

THE HALF-WAY ROCK.

When I was a little child
(It seemeth long ago)
Our school-house stood from father's
A half a mile or so.

It seemed a long, long journey
For little ones to take;
The burning sun above me,
And pebbles 'neath my feet.

But well do I remember
A large old granite rock,
Dividing that long distance,
Beside a sparkling brook.

"The half-way rock" we called it,
And seldom passed it by;
'Twas wide enough to found a house,
And taller some than I.

I loved to climb the lowest side,
To hear the waters rush,
And see the fishes playful glide
Below the alder-bush.

And after the long summer hours,
When tired of books and fun,
Oh, how I longed to reach that spot,
And think 'twas half-way home!

I'm older now than I was then—
Can scarcely stop to rest,
Yet full half-way the path of life
My weary feet have press'd.

"Threescore and ten the years of man,"
And am I half-way home?
My soul! hast found a Rock of rest
As wearily ye roam?

Ah! I have found the Living Rock
A shelter from the heat,
A covert from earth's wildest storms
That on me fiercely beat.

And I love that pleasant symbol—
That broad old granite rock,
That stands half-way from father's
Beside a sparkling brook.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irishman on board a vessel, when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck, as she was going down, replied, that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

A Tenant Wanted.—To let, with immediate possession, a ten-roomed house, situated in the vicinity of some pyrotechnic mills. The house has been entirely rebuilt and beautifully decorated since the last explosion, when the tenant was ejected without notice.

A young lady, who affected a disinclination toward matrimony, wrote on a pane of glass some verses expressive of her determination never to enter into the holy state. A gentleman, who doubted the lady's resolve, wrote underneath:

"The fair whose vow these scratchy lines betoken,
Wrote them on glass—she knew it would be broken!"

A merchant at Berlin, having failed to obtain the hand of an opera singer, purchased two dresses and sent them to her to make her choice, saying he would call to know her decision. Shortly, however, before the hour when he had intended to set out on this errand, the merchant received from his beloved a *billet-doux* to the following effect: "Of the dresses you have sent I like one quite as well as the other. I will, in fact, keep both, so that you have no need to call at all!"

"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

The orator who carried away his audience is affectionately and humanely requested to bring it back."

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman, the other day, to a negro waiter at a hotel: "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look a-here, massa, the reason am dis—de day dis chile was born there was an eclipse."

Marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there was struck a small silver coin, of little value, called a dandy prat, "which," observes Bishop Fleetwood, "was the origin of the term dandy, applied to worthless and contemptible persons."

A Vulgar Error corrected.—The absurd story about the Phenix grew out of the fact that Phenixes always roosted in ash-trees, and hence when they took wing they were said to "rise from their ashes."

"Well, if this ain't mean! Here's this feller been goin' about with this here yeller chain, and when I pulls it out—there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct o' these here flashy clerks is enough to break the heart of a poor fellow like me, as has to depend on his trade for a livin'."

Nosey.—A musician, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said to his little son one day at table, "You must eat bread, boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little fellow replied, "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up!"

"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to that aspiring but as yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city, who declared he would give a hundred pounds to see you perform 'Hamlet.'" "You don't say so?" "Fact, I assure you; and, what's more, I'm positively sure the old chap meant it." "By Jove, then, it's a bargain!" Higgins cried; "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?" "Ah! to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man." Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

When at sea you look out for breakers; but on a railroad the breakers look out for you.

A lady well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing,

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?—Because it grows down.

The following witty and satirical epitaph was proposed to be placed in Bath Cathedral:

"These walls, adorned with monumental bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

Why are railways like laundresses?—Because they have ironed all the country, and have occasionally done a little mangling.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

A female begging impostor, importuning a gentleman to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman said she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take in washing.

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a great convenience to his numerous patients.

In the olden times divines argued on "How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?" An interesting inquiry of a similar nature would be, "How many lawyers can stand on a point of law?"

A dancer once said to a Spartan, "You can not stand on one leg so long as I can." "Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but any goose can."

An old toper, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced from water, said, "You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

The man who undertook to walk against time has given up, but time is still going ahead.

What net is the most likely to catch a handsome but vain woman?—A coro-net.

Those who court disgrace are sure not to be jilted.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What ladies with a grace may feign,
And when you dust looks well again;
What many a man who has a wife.
Submits to for a quiet life.

Any thing.

Why should people who wish to live a peaceable life never go to small evening dancing parties?

Because hops produce great bitterness.

If Cupid insists upon coming to a lady's door, how would she like him to come?

With a ring, but not without a rap.

Found long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use when people sleep,
What few would wish to give away,
Nor any one desire to keep.

Bed.

Why is a man who carries a watch invariably too late for his appointments?

Because he is always behind time.

Where did Charles the First's executioner dine, and what did he take?

He took a chop at the King's Head.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For an account of the attack on Charleston see page 269.

AFFAIRS AT VICKSBURG.

We learn from the Richmond papers that the Union forces are being withdrawn from the peninsula at Vicksburg, that four transports have gone up the river filed with our troops, and that the levee has been cut through by our forces and the water turned into our old camping ground. A dispatch from Jackson, Mississippi, says that Admiral Farragut is still above Port Hudson with three vessels. The Government stores of the rebels at Bayou Sara have been destroyed by the flag-ship *Hartford*. The same authority says that the "lower fleet"—part of Banks's expedition we presume—has opened fire upon the batteries, but that they were out of range. The Petersburg *Express* of the 8th indicates that some terrible preparations are being made by the rebels to destroy Farragut's ships, the *Hartford* and *Albatross*.

THE "SWITZERLAND" REPAIRED.

The ram *Switzerland* has been repaired of the injuries she received in passing the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and has been sent up the Red River.

CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

General M'Clernand took possession of the little town of Richmond, Mississippi, on the 30th ult., with a small force, driving the rebel cavalry from the place after two hours' sharp fighting.

DEFEAT OF VAN DORN.

We have an official account of the defeat of the rebel Van Dorn at Franklin, Tennessee, by General Granger's forces. The rebels numbered 15,000, and lost three hundred in killed and wounded. Our loss was only one hundred. General Stanley made a magnificent charge with his cavalry, capturing a battery and several prisoners, whom, however, he was unable to hold, owing to the nature of the country.

SITUATION OF GENERAL FOSTER.

The reports from General Foster's expedition to Washington, North Carolina, are not favorable. He appears to be completely hemmed in by the enemy, and all efforts to reinforce him from Newbern have, so far, been unsuccessful. The repulse of our fleet by the batteries on Pamlico River, and the grounding of the *Miami* on the Swash while proceeding to Washington, rendered the arrival of assistance impossible for the time. It seems evident from all the movements of the rebel forces that the destruction of General Foster's expedition is resolved upon. News from Richmond indicate that a vast concentration of rebel forces has taken place between Petersburg and Suffolk, while the bold movements of Generals Hill and Longstreet, in threatening the latter place, points unquestionably to a settled intention on the part of the rebels to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Foster.

REBEL ADVANCE ON SUFFOLK.

Letters from the Blackwater give an account of the rebel advance upon Suffolk, the capture of several of our outposts, and the flight of the women and children. The object of this attack is to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Foster in his perilous position at Washington, N. C., and to cut off our forces at Suffolk from communication with Norfolk, which latter place, no doubt, the rebels intend to invest. Intelligence reached Fortress Monroe on the 13th that the enemy had retreated four miles from Suffolk, and that the gun-boats sent to Foster's assistance had succeeded in running the rebel batteries.

ANOTHER STEAMER LOST.

The armed transport *George Washington* was destroyed by the rebels in Coosaw River, near Port Royal, on 8th inst. She remained behind for special service under Colonel Hawley, who was acting as post commandant at Hilton Head while the forces were away. General Saxton, who was in command at Beaufort, sent for the *Washington* to make a reconnoissance around the island. In company with the gun-boat *Hale* she went up the Coosaw River, was attacked by a rebel battery, which sent a shot through her magazine and blew her up. The crew were fired upon while attempting to escape, and several of them killed and wounded.

BREAD RIOTS AT THE SOUTH.

There have already been five bread riots in the South, all of which were instigated and participated in principally by famishing women, who were goaded on by the cries of their children for food, while husbands and fathers were in the rebel ranks. The first of these took place on the 16th ult. at Atlanta, Georgia, where all entreaties could not deter the women from their riotous intentions until their demands were satisfied. The next occurred at Salisbury, North Carolina, on the 18th ult., where the rioters armed themselves, and by force succeeded in accomplishing their purpose. The third was in the city of Richmond, where the operations of the mob were not fully made public, owing to a combined understanding among the Richmond papers to suppress the details. The fourth took place at Raleigh, North Carolina; and the fifth at Petersburg, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON'S VIEWS

Lord Palmerston, who has just been installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, delivered two speeches in that city—one to the students and the other to an assemblage made up for the most part of working-men. He alluded briefly to the American war, and defended the policy of the English Cabinet in maintaining what he continues to term a strict neutrality toward the belligerents. He said that some Englishmen supported the cause of the North, others that of the South; but "it was not fitting or becoming that the British nation, as a nation, should take part in that contest," although the contending parties "sued them like rivals who sue a fair damsel" to do so.

THE SEIZURE OF THE "PETERHOFF."

The report of the seizure of the British steamship *Peterhoff*, by order of Admiral Wilkes, United States Navy, produced an excitement in England second in intensity only to that caused by the news of the overhauling of the *Trent*. A remonstrance had been addressed to Earl Russell on the subject. He stated that the matter had been referred to the law officers of the crown for immediate consideration. On the Stock Exchange, on the 27th of March, the markets closed under considerable depression, owing to reports of coming war difficulties with the United States in consequence of the capture of the *Peterhoff*. In the House of Commons, on the same night, Mr. Layard stated that as soon as the opinion of the crown lawyers was obtained the Government would address such representations as they might think fit to the Government of the United States.

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

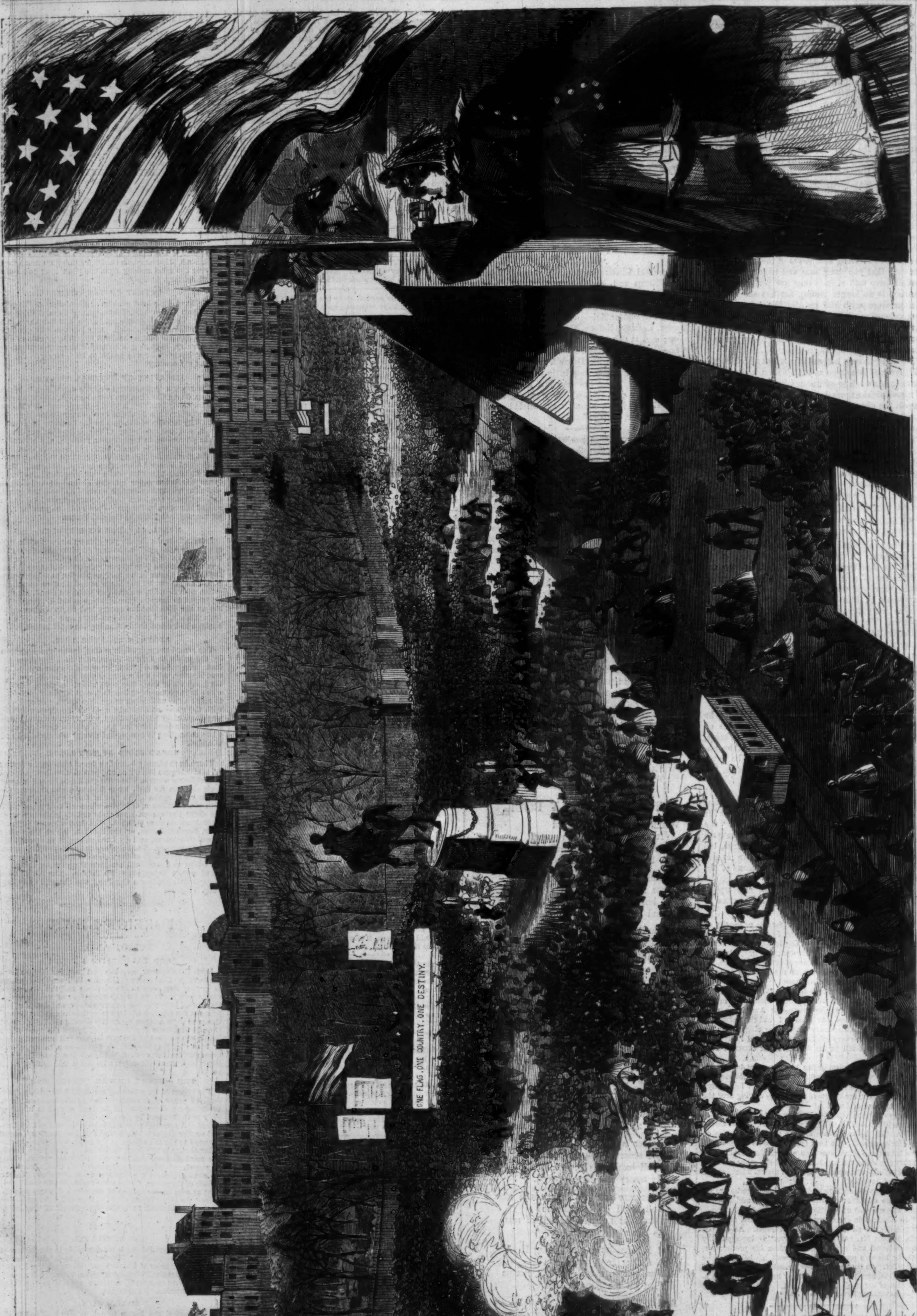
The news from Poland is not favorable to the success of the popular movement. The papers give details of the defeat and surrender of Langiewicz. Although the English press consider the Polish insurrection virtually at an end, yet the Revolutionary Committee appeals to the Polish people to continue the struggle.

LANGIEWICZ.

Langiewicz, the Polish leader, is still confined in the fortress of Cracow. He applied for leave to retire to England, but was refused. The latest reports say that the insurgent chiefs had given up the contest with Russia as hopeless.

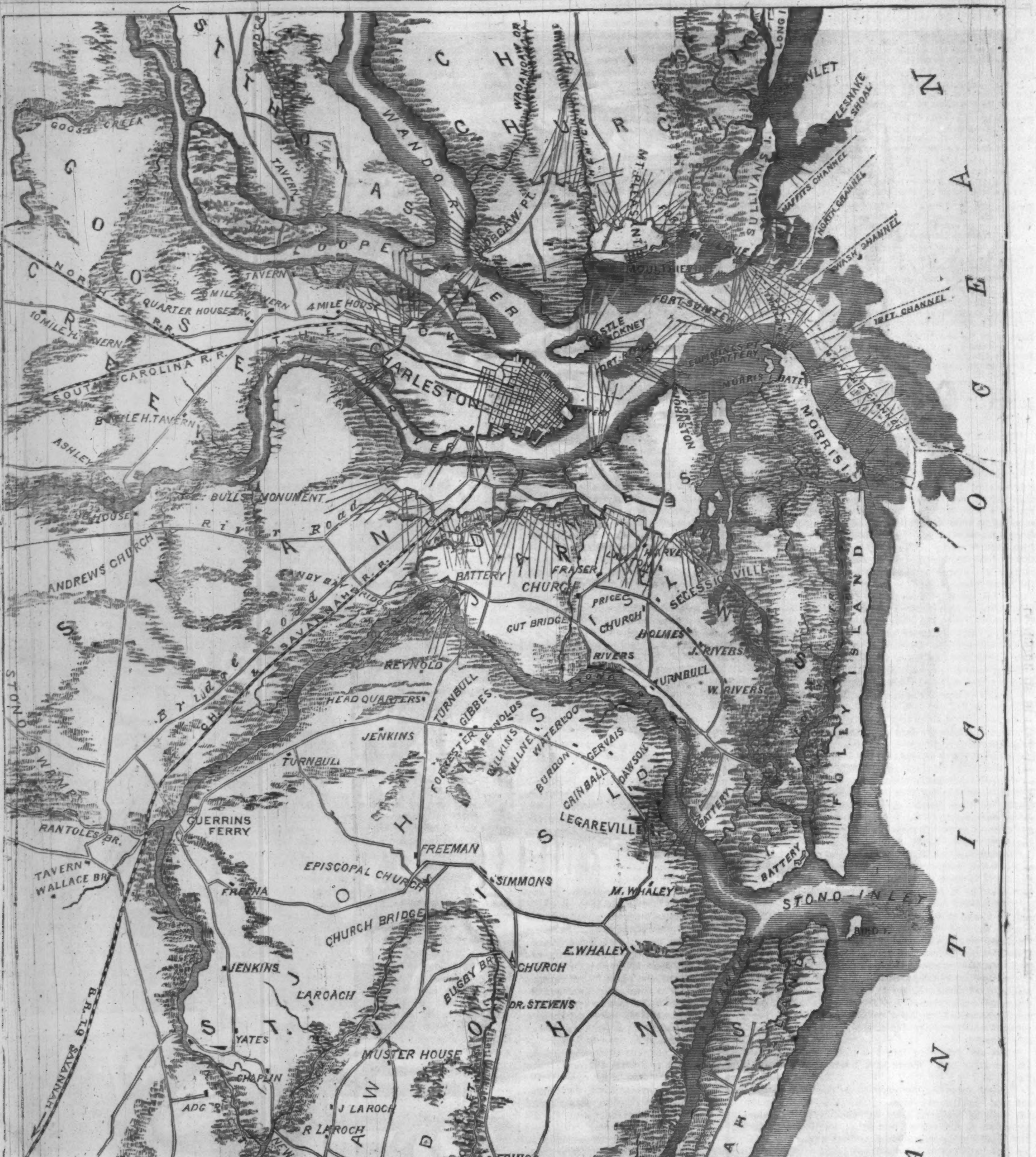
THE KING OF GREECE.

The National Assembly of Greece has decreed Prince William George of Denmark King of Greece, under the name of George the First. Prince George is the third child of Prince Christian of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales, and nephew of the King of Denmark. He was born on the 24th of December, 1845, and is a cadet in the Danish navy.



GREAT SUMTER MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

A GROUP OF BUTTERNUT PRISONERS, TAKEN FROM LIFE.



MAP OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AND ITS APPROACHES, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF 7TH APRIL, 1863.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

Our bugles ring out in the dark of the night,
"Boots and saddles!" "To horse!" and away
We hurry to fall on the foe in his tents,
As the tiger leaps fierce on his prey.

Sound bugles, sound "Forward!" the horses are fresh;
And our spirits, just called back from dreams,
Leap exultant to think of the flight of the foe,
When we ride where his camp-fire gleams.

Through forest, o'er fallow, o'er meadow we stride;
E'en our steeds feel the hot work at hand,
And the rattle of sabres and champing of bits
Nearly drown the brief words of command.

"Halt!" What is this? We are near to the goal:
"Draw sabres!" the conflict is here.
One thought to the loved ones dreaming at home,
As the steel flashes out sharp and clear.

Hark! a shot. Whence that cry? Ha! comrade, farewell.
"Charge!" Hurrah! like the blasting simoom,
With fierce cries and stern eyes, we dash down on the foe,
As he flies from his tents in the gloom.

Sharp ring out the carbines: the blaze of his camp
Shows flashing the gleam of our swords.
Hurrah! charge again: see they rally, and strive
To drive back the wild Northern hordes.

Ha! they break! they are gone like chaff on the wind;
But no bloodless vantage we gain.
Tears lurk in the cheers we raise o'er the field,
And our glory comes only with pain.

Raise gently the wounded; bear softly the dead
To their rest in their soldierly graves.
Sound bugles—sound "Rally!" our labor is o'er;
Recall to their colors our braves.

A RETURN FROM THE THRESHOLD.

"Doctor Dampier's compliments, and he will be obliged if you will send him word whether you will give him what he has written to ask you for."

In the dull light which was reflected from the staircase on the landing at the entrance to my chambers it was not possible for me to see the speaker's face; but there was something in the sound of his voice which struck me with a kind of terror; it was as though I was listening to a voice from another world. So forcible was the shock that I drew back with a kind of fear from the speaker, and even hesitated for an instant to take the letter from his hand, although the person he named was one well known to me. Thinking that this feeling could only arise from the excited state of my mind, I took the letter from his hand, and, unlocking the door, I told him to come in. There was a fire burning in the grate, which lighted the room a little, and as a heavy rain was falling, and had been falling for some time, I said, "How long have you been waiting? Are you wet?"

"Nearly an hour," was the reply; "but I don't mind the wet."

It was the same slow, even voice which seemed to come to me from the darkness of the grave, and I felt the same creeping sensation of horror which had attacked me when he spoke to me outside my door. Snatching up a piece of paper from my table, I took the lamp from the mantle-piece and hastily lighted it, keeping my back toward the speaker that he might not perceive my agitation. With a sudden determination I turned and held the lamp at arm's-length, so that it threw its light full on the messenger's face. Apart from the expression of the countenance, which was stern, and as firmly set as though it were carved in stone, and of itself calculated to make a profound impression on all who looked at it, there was that in the eyes which no human being could fathom. They might belong to a man who had at one time committed a murder, and who was continually on the watch to see if any person who spoke to him suspected the crime of which he had been guilty. Such I have seen; but these to me shone from the deep hollows of the bloodless countenance with a far more appalling intelligence. There was in them an expression of recognition of myself; and in my own mind I recognized him, but always as one who had passed into another stage of existence. By a strong effort I said:

"You say you bring this from Dr. Dampier. Do you know me? Where have I seen you before?"

Without answering my question he pointed to the note I held in my hand. I felt that I could not read the note with any understanding of its contents; so, motioning toward the door, I told him to tell Dr. Dampier I felt too unwell to answer his note that evening, but that I would send an answer the following day. I held the door open, and listened to him as he descended the staircase with a step which sounded slow, even, and solemn as his voice. I waited two or three minutes till I thought he had reached a distance which would prevent me from overtaking him; then thrusting the letter into my pocket I turned out the lamp, shut the door, and left for a friend's house, resolved not to enter my chambers again that night.

As soon as I found myself seated beside my friend at his fireside I recovered my spirits, and taking out the letter, read as follows:

"My dear Mr. Hensman,—Will you have the kindness to furnish me, at your leisure, with a full report of the case of Samuel Calcraft, in which you were engaged. I prefer making this request to you rather than to the attorney who prepared the case for his defense, because, as you prosecuted him in your official capacity, no person will be able or likely to wish to throw doubt on your statement.

"I do not require your statement for present use, but eventually I shall do so in the interests of humanity; I shall, however, have no objection to reveal the reason to you on receiving your promise that you will not divulge what I tell you till the occurrence of an event which may be still distant.

"Very truly yours,
"J. Dampier."

I had scarcely run my eye over this note before I understood the cause of my emotion on hearing and seeing his messenger; and to make this understood, I will relate the case of the Samuel Calcraft referred to in his letter.

In April of the year 1833 the town and neighborhood of Hystos, La., was the scene of one of the worst crimes which it is in the power of a human being to perpetrate. The person murdered was named Exton, a man well-stricken in years, of a most estimable character, the principal leader, and most frequently the pastor, of the religious congregation to which he belonged. Respected by all, whether members of the same sect or not, on account of his thorough conscientiousness, his store was the source from which the greater part of the population of the town and country for miles round derived their supply of articles of all kinds. On the 27th of May, 1832, he was guilty of a weakness which somewhat lowered the respect in which he had been hitherto held by the female members of his congregation: he married the daughter of a settler who used generally to come with her father to his store when he had occasion to renew his supplies of tea, sugar, and so forth. Nothing was known in the town to the detriment of or in favor of the girl; it was her extreme youth which was the ground of objection to her. Shortly after their marriage it began to be rumored about that Exton was not happy in his married life; and this, in consequence of the violence of his wife's character, soon became so notorious that the strongest of his admirers among the women did not hesitate to express their sympathy in his affliction by low groans and other ejaculations whenever, in the course of his praying or preaching, he made any allusion which could be twisted into a reference to the thorn in his flesh. Manifestations of this kind were perfectly understood by his wife, who thenceforth entirely absented herself from any place of worship, and expressed her hatred of her husband on several occasions. The reason of this enmity was a mystery to every body, Exton being a man of an uncomplaining disposition, who never spoke of his domestic troubles, or encouraged even his oldest friends to allude to them in his presence.

On the 5th of April, 1833, he presided at the meeting of his co-religionists, and at its conclusion received a pressing invitation to drive to a farm belonging to a man named Joynson, about three miles from the town, and remain there till the morning; there being a party there to celebrate the birth of the farmer's first son. Refusing the invitation, Exton shook hands with those about him, and walked away in the direction of his house. This was the last time he was seen alive by them. Early the following morning a rumor flew through the town with the speed of electricity that Isaiah Exton had been found murdered on the floor of his bedroom. The houses were soon emptied of their inhabitants, all of whom proceeded toward Exton's store to satisfy themselves of the truth of the rumor, and to gratify that mysterious inclination of humanity to look upon a place which has been the scene on which a human soul has been violently expelled from its earthly sanctuary. The rumor proved true enough; the unfortunate Exton had no doubt been killed, and that, too, only after a struggle of more than ordinary persistency, as was shown by the state of the body and the condition of the room.

There was no proof that the unfortunate man had been robbed, though his wife asserted that a bag containing a large sum in gold had been taken from a drawer in his bedroom. The regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens made them positive that he had no enemy among them, and the person generally suspected of having had a share in his destruction was his wife; from suspicion they very soon passed to an assumption of her guilt; but as they could not believe her capable of committing the deed with her own hand, they supposed she had an accomplice; and who this could be was a mystery they were never tired of discussing. In due course an inquest was held on the body, at which Jane Burton, one of the servants, stated that she had for some time past noticed a great intimacy between her mistress and a porter named Samuel Calcraft employed in the store; that on several occasions she had seen him coming from the room in which his mistress was, and where he had no business to be; and that on these occasions he had always been much confused on seeing her, and had induced her to promise that she would say nothing about it, promising that he would tell her some day why he went there, which he never had done.

Suspicion having been thus directed toward the porter, the desire for a victim was so great that the discovery of a knife belonging to him covered with rust, assumed to be caused by blood, was considered sufficient evidence on which to commit him to take his trial for the murder of his master. In the interval between his committal and his trial other suspicious circumstances were discovered affecting him, namely, a purse which was found in his chest, and identified as his master's, in which was a considerable sum for a man in his position; also a watch which had been seen in Exton's possession on the eve of his death by several persons, and a miniature portrait of his mother inclosed in a silver case curiously chased, which the deceased was known to value very highly. People being thus satisfied that he was the actual murderer, were unremitting in their endeavors to get him to criminate his mistress. Every inducement it was in their power to offer him they offered. Promises to exert the influence of the whole town in saving his life on the ground that by reason of his youth he had fallen a victim to her wiles were made, but all were of no avail in bringing about the result they desired; the most he could be induced to say was that she had once or twice spoken of her husband in a way which he had told her was not right, and that for some time she had not uttered a word to him on the subject, though he knew from the women-servants they lived apart. His assertions were disbelieved by all; but as there was not a tittle of evidence against Mrs. Exton she was allowed to remain at large, though she might almost as well have been in prison in solitary confinement, seeing that nobody would associate with her, or even speak to her. As for the store, that had to be shut up, not a customer having entered it to make a purchase since the murder of its proprietor.

On the day of the trial of Samuel Calcraft the town was thoroughly emptied of its inhabitants. The prisoner, when placed in the dock, became terribly agitated, and looked as though he would fall to the ground, and whispers reached me which showed that this was taken as further evidence of his guilt, though it did not appear to me at all surprising, considering his youth and the consciousness that most, if not all, of those present knew him, and believed him guilty of the murder.

It was my duty to put the case before the jury in the strongest light which the evidence appeared to me capable of sustaining. I had no personal feeling against the prisoner, of course, and it was rather from habit than design that I wove the evidence against him into my address in such a manner that even a jury altogether unprejudiced might have been induced to convict him. I looked at him as I finished my speech, and I shall never forget the expression of utter despair and horror with which he was regarding me, and which awoke in me a keener sense of the responsibility attaching to my office than I had ever felt before. His counsel had little to say in his defense. The only explanation he had to offer was that Calcraft had certainly had interviews, apparently mysterious, with his mistress, but that this was only for the purpose of conveying spirits to her, which she drank in large quantities without wishing any body to know that she did so, and that this was the reason why he had made Jane Burton promise not to speak about having seen him. The knife he admitted was his, but asserted that it had grown rusty merely from want of use. The miniature he averred had been given to the prisoner by his master in order that he might clean the case, on the day preceding the murder, and he had put it in his room for safety's sake. The purse he said had been given him by his master, and the money contained in it was his own savings. As for the watch, he denied most solemnly that he had put it where it had been found, or that he knew any thing about it; and asserted that somebody must have put it in his chest after he was locked up.

I will not venture to say that the judge had formed a preconceived opinion of the prisoner's guilt, or that he was influenced by the general desire to avenge the death of a man so deservedly esteemed as Exton, but he certainly summed up the case in a manner which I could not think impartial; I was not therefore surprised, knowing what I did of the public feeling respecting the case, when the jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*.

Sentence of death having been pronounced the prisoner was carried out of court senseless.

It was in conducting this case that I first became acquainted with Dr. Dampier. We spent the evening together after the trial at his house, and I was very deeply interested in his discourse, especially in some of his theories touching life and death. The criminal trials and civil causes were so unusually numerous that I had not left the town when the day arrived for the execution of the convicted murderer of Mr. Exton. On the morning of his execution he sent for me, and though I would have made any reasonable sacrifice to have avoided complying with his request, I could not under the circumstances refuse to go to him. I found that all he wanted of me was to beseech me to save his life. I told him I had no power whatever in the matter, that it was not to me he should appeal. He declared, in language which made those who heard it shudder, that he was innocent; and when they began urging him toward the scaffold, he turned toward me, and with a countenance stern in its expression and deadly pale, said, "You are my murderer, and if a murdered man can haunt you, I will." And so he passed away to his death, and I into the official apartments to hear a case and give a gratuitous opinion concerning it. When I left about three quarters of an hour afterward I looked up and saw the body still hanging.

The man who brought me the note from Dr. Dampier was Samuel Calcraft.

Having written for Dr. Dampier the statement for which he asked, I sent it to his house, and in return requested he would call upon me and give me the explanation he had promised. It was not long before he did so, and having received from me a promise that I would not divulge what he told me, I received from him the following statement:

"You will, perhaps, remember that in the course of the conversation we had on the evening you dined at my house I mentioned some opinions concerning the length of time during which vitality might still remain in the human body after it had ceased to give any outward sign of its existence, and the result of some experiments I made with animals which had to all appearance been suffocated. As the opportunity of making such experiments with human beings seldom occurs, I determined to spare no pains to get possession of the body of Samuel Calcraft, and by means it is not necessary to describe his body came to me, and his coffin with its substitute went the ordinary course, so that within two hours of his being strangled his inanimate body was drawn from a sack which had been placed among a wagon-load of fagots, driven by myself from the vicinity of the prison, while the owner of the vehicle was gone to get me change for a note with which to pay for the wood.

"I had a fire ready lighted beneath a large sand bath I had contrived in my laboratory, and having locked the door, I laid the to all appearance dead body in it, and carefully covered it with sand, the thermometer on being plunged in it marking 80°. There was not the slightest sign of life, the skin was cold, and the members already rigid. As soon as I had thus prepared the body, I inserted two small tubes in the nostrils connected with a large bladder of ammoniacal gas, of which I had several in readiness, and pressing gently on the bladder I gradually forced the gas it contained into the lungs, from which I as gently expelled it. I had previously buried the wires from a galvanic battery of moderate power in the sand, the points lying beneath the base of the skull and the lower part of the spine. For upwards of an hour I continued to force the gas into the lungs and expel it by pressure without discovering any returning signs of life on which I could rely: the very slight warmth I could detect in the forehead on laying my cheek against it being as likely to arise from the transmission of heat from the sand as from the returning vital force; nevertheless, I determined to persevere till there was no room left for hope. By-and-by I imagined I could detect a slight clamminess on the skin, the sand no longer slipped away from it as from a piece of marble. Hardly daring to hope that this indicated that life was not yet extinct, and yet almost trembling with excitement, I controlled myself, and continued my efforts with the same steadiness. After many minutes of that intense anxiety which few besides the experimental chemist ever experience, I had no longer any doubt—a faint, a very faint, but distinctly perceptible, movement of the heart was evident. By slow degrees it increased in force, and I thought it prudent to abandon the use of the ammoniacal gas for a time and substitute for it atmospheric air. The immediate result was a diminution in the strength of the pulsation, but by assisting the action of the lungs mechanically this was restored again, and henceforward I only resorted to the gas occasionally, and then only for a few instants at a time. I no longer regarded the time; continued my efforts; my whole mind was so absorbed in what I was doing that I felt no bodily sensation, neither fatigue, hunger, nor thirst; it must, however, have been several hours before there was the least sign that the patient had recovered consciousness. The first symptom was a twitching of the nostrils, followed by a similar movement of the corners of the mouth. The next indication I perceived was an attempt to raise the eyelids, and after many ineffectual efforts he succeeded. The instant he raised the lids I looked eagerly into his eyes to see their expression, and note his sensations on returning to life from death, as far as it was possible to read them therein. You have seen him, and have probably remarked the extraordinary depth and mystery of his look. Well, that same unfathomable look met mine then; it never changes, never varies.

"As soon as he was able to move his tongue I raised his head slightly and dropped a little brandy and water on it. After a prolonged administration of this stimulant other symptoms of a return to life were exhibited, the relation of which can only be interesting to medical men; let it suffice to say that I had no longer any doubt of the ultimate recovery of my patient.

"My first questions, when he had slept and eaten, had reference to his bodily sensations at the instant of and after his suspension. He describes them as merely a sharp pricking over his body from head to foot, which was the last thing of which he was conscious: his return to life was like a long nightmare. But beyond this, I am convinced he was conscious of something which has no earthly connection. I am not influenced in this opinion by any thing he has said, for whenever I have questioned him he is as silent as a statue: it is from that unearthly, never-changing look of his, accompanied by an absence of animation, and apparently utter insensibility to every thing we regard as painful or annoying.

"His execution took place eleven months ago, as you no doubt remember. For several weeks afterward he remained locked up in my laboratory, till I thought it safe to send him here, to New Orleans, to my brother, who is as thoroughly satisfied of his innocence of the murder as I am; for I am convinced that he would not have denied his guilt to me on his restoration to life, if he had committed the deed."

I did not see the Doctor again after this, but I presume he returned to the place whence he had come. You know how men whose time is fully occupied go on year after year without seeing an acquaintance living in the same city, unless they meet by accident. This was my case and that of Mr. Dampier, the Doctor's brother. About five or six years ago he called on me, to ask me to take proceedings to enforce payment of an insurance on his brother's life—not the Doctor's, but another brother, who was a traveling preacher or something of that kind. The mention of his brother's name caused me to ask if Samuel Calcraft was with him still, when he told me that his innocence had been established years before; "but," he added, "it was such an extraordinary business altogether that I will, if you wish it, write to my brother, and ask him to send you a full account of the affair." Here is the letter I received; you can read it. It relates one of those remarkable cases which have given rise to the saying that murder will out—one of the greatest fallacies ever uttered, as I can testify from my own experience.

"My dear Mr. Hensman,—At my brother's desire I send you an account of my discovery of the actual murderer of poor Exton; indeed I should have done so at the time, if I had not supposed that you would see an account of it in the newspapers.

"Shortly after I saw you last I had occasion to visit a friend named Penton, who, it turned out, occupied a considerable extent of land joining that belonging to old Sangster, Mary Exton's father, though I was not aware of it till afterward. One day, while strolling about, I got on this man's estate, at no great distance from his house. You are aware of my habit of studying every manifestation of life. Well, on this day, I was looking for objects near a ditch, when I chanced to see some pieces of charred bone lying about among the grass. Without the most distant idea of the discovery this was destined to lead to, I picked up one piece, then another, and another; in short, I became satisfied that the bones were fragments of a human being. I now got interested in the matter, and jumped into the ditch, which happened to be dry just then, and stirring up the dry dirt at the bottom with my heel, I found other things which had passed through the fire, viz., teeth, buttons, and—most important of all—a belt clasp of a very peculiar design, which said more for the maker's mythological knowledge than for the delicacy or purity of his taste. Putting the latter in my pocket, with as many of the teeth, and buttons, and charred bones as I thought necessary to establish the fact of their having formed part of a human being, I returned to my friend Penton. On showing him the buckle, and asking him if he had ever seen it before, he immediately said, 'To be sure I have; it belonged to Joel Singleton.' 'And who was Joel Singleton?' I asked. 'Joel Singleton,' he replied, 'was a fellow of no very good repute. He was a horse-dealer on his own account sometimes, besides working for the worthy Mr. Sangster as a woodman, an occupation which some said he engaged in for the sake of being with Mary Sangster, the young woman poor Exton married.' 'Then, I suppose, when she married Exton he went away?' 'Not at all; he was with Exton for at least a year afterward, and there were rumors about that if Mary could have had her way, she would have preferred him to Exton for her husband, in spite of his loose habits.' 'Do you know where he went to when he did leave?' 'No, he went away very suddenly, and Sangster said he had gone to—to California or Texas, I don't exactly remember which.' 'Well,' said I, 'it strikes me that he went to neither place. Look here! these bones are human bones; they have been in the fire, and so has this buckle; and as I found them all together, it is only reasonable to imagine that the bones belonged to the owner of the buckle rather than to any body else.' 'Why, you surely don't suppose that the fellow was burned?' 'Seeing that somebody has been burned, it seems to me only rational to suppose that he was the person. At all events, the matter must be inquired into,' I answered.

"The next day I went to the district judge and told him of the affair. I need not go into details with you, as you will understand all that was done in the way of search, and so forth. The upshot of the whole was that Sangster, now a very old man, was taken into custody and lodged in prison. The evidence was so purely circumstantial that I do not think he would have been convicted if he had been tried, but he never was, for nature stepped in and placed him beyond the reach of the law. When he was convinced that he could not live many hours, he sent for me, and made the following confession in my presence:

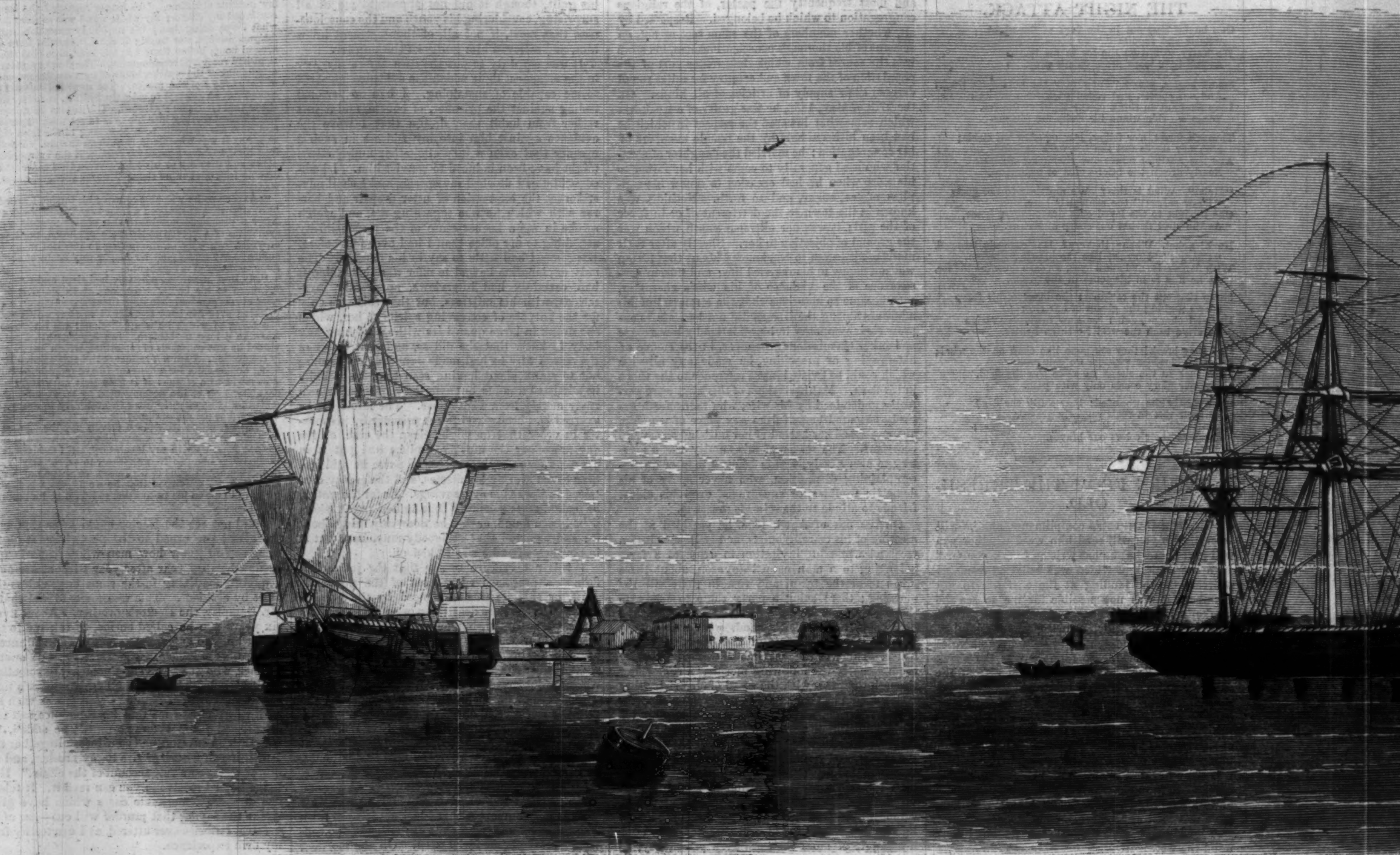
"'Joel Singleton was the murderer of Mr. Exton. I am not going to tell you any thing more about that affair, and so it is of no use to ask me any questions. I knew that he was the murderer, and he knew that I knew it, and if I had not killed him he would have killed me; and besides that, there was the temptation of a bag of gold he stole at the same time. I had only one man about the place, and I picked a quarrel with him, and kicked him out there and then. That night Joel's chance of disposing of me was lost.

* * * * * * *

"'I got rid of his body and clothes in the way you imagine, and threw the ashes into the ditch where you found them. May God forgive us all!'

"This settled the question of poor Calcraft's innocence, and I went directly to New Orleans to consult him as to what he wished should be done. He did not appear at all interested, and left it to me to do what I thought proper. As one instance does not establish a rule, I have not mentioned the restoration of Calcraft to any body besides you and my brother, and I have not had an opportunity of repeating the experiment; but as there have been several cases of horse-stealing about here lately, and Judge Lynch has been using threatening language, there is a possibility that I may be able to renew it, and I have no doubt with equal success.

Yours, etc.,
"J. Dampier."

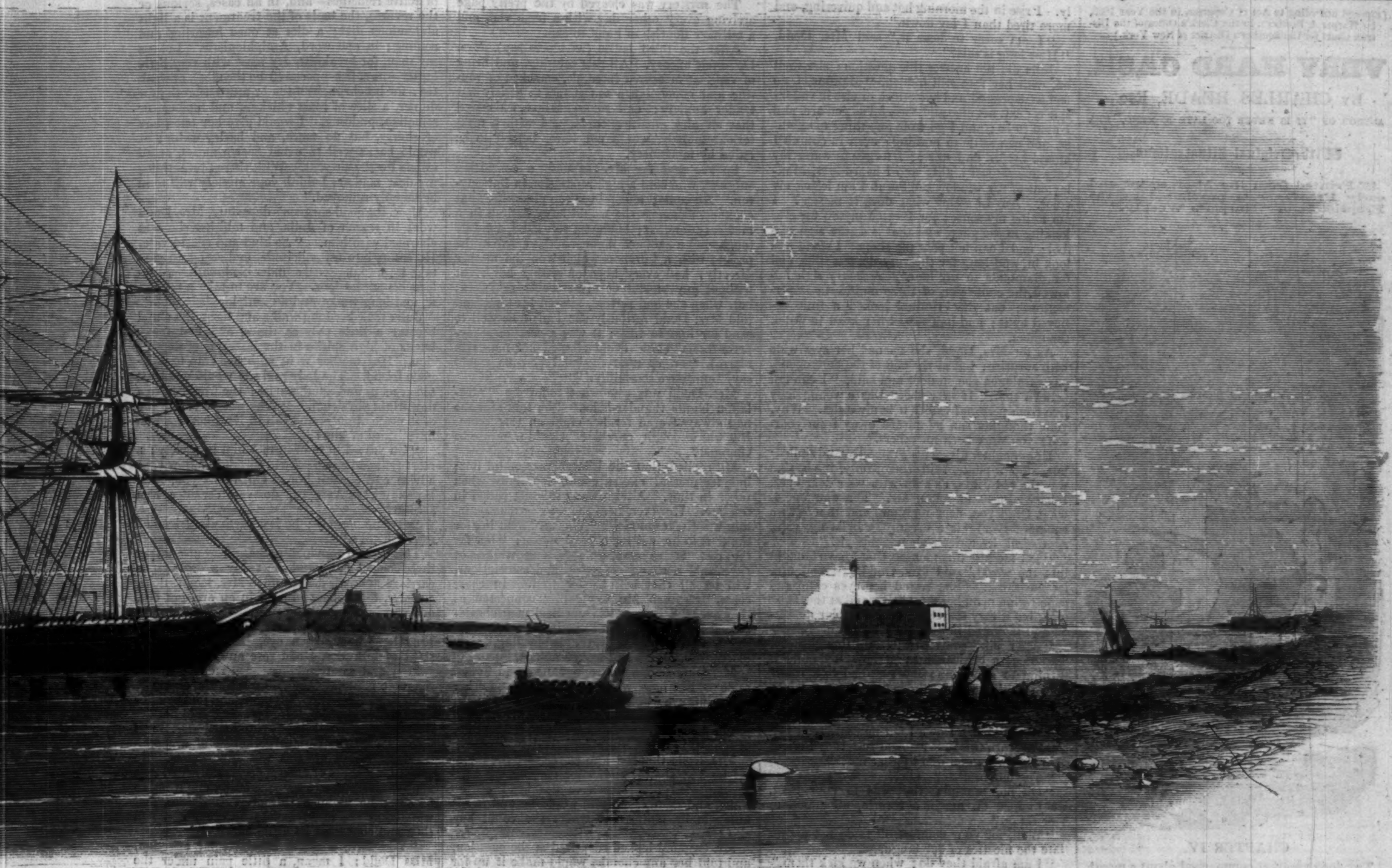


The "Milan," French Steam-Sloop. Castle Pinckney. The British Ship "Petrel,"

CHARLESTON HARBOR, LOO

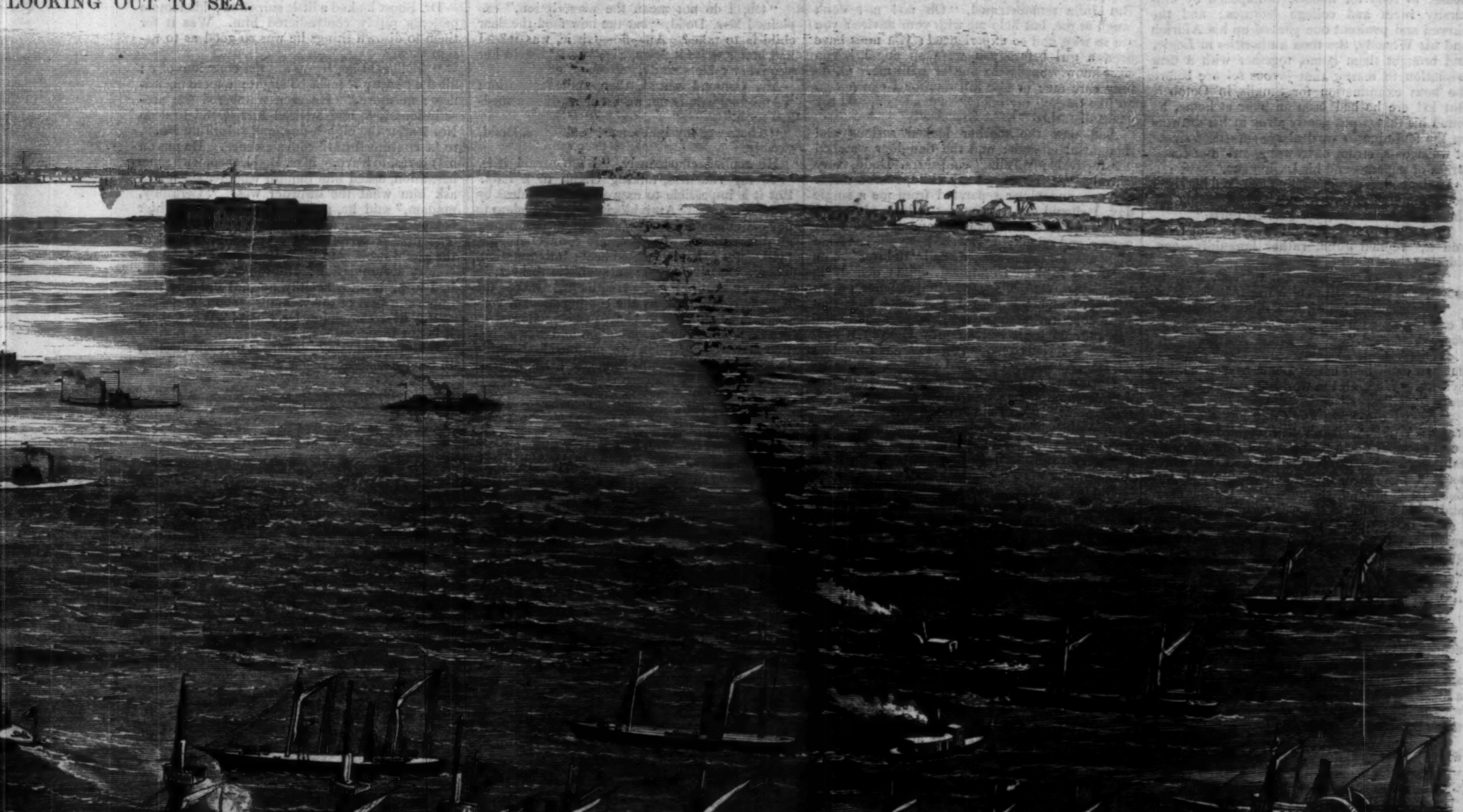
Morris Island. New Ironsides. Iron-clad Monitors. Charleston.

CHARLESTON HARBOR, LOOKING TOW



"Petrel." Fort Moultrie. Fort Ripley. Fort Sumter. Fort Johnson.

LOOKING OUT TO SEA.



Sumter. Keokuk. Fort Ripley. Fort Moultrie.

TOWARD THE CITY.—[See Page 269.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

THE long vacation commenced about a month afterward, and Hardie came to his father's house, to read for honors, unimpeded by university races and college lectures; and the plowed and penitent one packed up his Aldrich and his Whately, the then authorities in Logic, and brought them home, together with a firm resolution to master that joyous science before the next examination for Smalls in October. But lo! ere he had been an hour at home, he found his things put neatly away in his drawers on the feminine or vertical system—deep strata of waistcoats, strata of trowsers, strata of coats, strata of papers—and his Logic gone.

In the course of the evening he taxed his sister good-humoredly, and asked "what earthly use that book was to her, not wearing curls."

"I intend to read it, and study it, and teach you it," replied Julia, rather languidly—considering the weight of the resolve.

"Oh, if you have boned it to read, I say no more; the crime will punish itself."

"Be serious, Edward, and think of mamma! I can not sit with my hands before me, and let you be replowed."

"I don't want. But—replowed!—haw, haw! but you can't help me at Logic as you used at Syntax. Why, all the world knows a girl can't learn logic."

"A girl can learn any thing she chooses to learn. What she can't learn is things other people set her down to." Before Edward could fully digest this revelation, she gave the argument a new turn, by adding, fretfully, "And don't be so unkind, thwarting and teasing me!" and all in a moment she was crying.

"Halloa!" ejaculated Edward, taken quite by surprise. "What is the matter, dears?" inquired maternal vigilance from the other end of the room.

"I don't know, mamma," said Edward. "What on earth is it, Julia?"

"N-othing. Don't torment me!"

Mrs. Dodd came quietly to them. "You did not speak brusquely to her, Edward?"

"No, no," said Julia, eagerly. "It is I that am turned so cross, and so peevish. I am quite a changed girl. Mamma, what *is* the matter with me?" And she laid her brow on her mother's bosom.

Mrs. Dodd caressed the lovely head soothingly with one hand, and made a sign over it to Edward to leave them alone. She waited quietly till Julia was composed: and then said, softly, "Come, tell me what it is; nothing that Edward said to you; for I heard almost every word, and I was just going to smile, or nearly, when you—And, my love, it is not the first time, you know; I would not tell Edward, but I have more than once seen your eyes with tears in them."

"Have you, mamma?" said Julia, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why, you know I have. But I said to myself it was no use forcing confidence. I thought I would be very patient, and wait till you came to me with it; so now, what is it, my darling? Why do you speak of one thing, and think of another? and cry without any reason that your mother can see?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Julia, hiding her head. "I think it is because I sleep so badly. I rise in the morning hot and quivering, and more tired than I lay down."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Dodd. "How long is this?"

Julia did not answer this question; she went on, with her face still hidden, "Mamma, I do feel so depressed and hysterical, or else in violent spirits; but not nice and cheerful as you are, and I used to be; and I go from one thing to another, and can settle to nothing; even in church I attend by fits and starts: I forgot to water my very flowers last night: and I heard Mrs. Maxley out of my window tell Sarah I am losing my color. Am I? But what does it matter? I am losing my sense; for I catch myself for ever looking in the glass, and that is a sure sign of a fool; and I can not pass the shops; I stand and look in, and long for the very dearest silks, and for diamonds in my hair." A heavy sigh followed the confession of these multiform imperfections; but the criminal looked a little relieved by it; and half raised her head to watch the effect.

As for Mrs. Dodd, she opened her eyes wide with surprise; but at the end of the heterogeneous catalogue she smiled, and said, "I can not believe that. If ever there was a young lady free from personal vanity it is my Julia. Why, your thoughts run by nature away from yourself; you were born for others."

Her daughter kissed her gratefully, and smiled: but, after a pause, said, sorrowfully, "Ah, that was the old Julia, as seen with your dear eyes. I have almost forgotten *her*. The new one is what I tell you, dear mamma, and that" (with sudden fervor) "is a dreamy, wandering, vain, egotistical, hysterical, abominable girl."

"Let me kiss this monster that I have brought into the world," said Mrs. Dodd. "And now let me think." She rested her eyes calm and penetrating upon her daughter; and at this mere look, but a very searching one, the color mounted and mounted in Julia's cheek strangely.

"After all," said Mrs. Dodd, thoughtfully, "yours is a critical age; perhaps my child is turning to a woman; my rose-bud to a rose." And she sighed. Mothers will sigh at things none other ever sighed at.

"To a weed, I fear," replied Julia. "What will you say when I own I felt no real joy at Edward's return this time? And yesterday I cried, 'Do get away, and don't pester me!'"

"To your brother? Oh!"

"Oh no, mamma, that was to poor Spot. He jumped on me in a reverie, all affection, poor thing."

"Well, for your comfort, dogs do not appreciate the niceties of our language."

"I am afraid they do; when we kick them."

Mrs. Dodd smiled at the admission implied here, and the deep penitence it was uttered with. But Julia remonstrated, "Oh no! no! don't laugh at me, but help me with your advice: you are so wise and so experienced: you must have been a girl before you were an angel. You *must* know what is the matter with me. O, do pray cure me; or else kill me, for I can not go on like this, all my affections deadened, and my peace disturbed."

And now the mother looked serious and thoughtful enough; and the daughter watched her furtively; "Julia," said Mrs. Dodd, very gravely, "if it was not my child, reared under my eye, and never separated from me a single day, I should say, this young lady is either afflicted with some complaint, and it affects her nerves, and spirits; or else she has—she is—what inexperienced young people call "in love." You need not look so frightened, child; nobody in their senses suspects *you* of imprudence or indelicacy; and therefore I feel quite sure that your constitution is at a crisis, or your health has suffered some shock; pray Heaven it may not be a serious one. You will have the best advice, and without delay, I promise you."

During the pronunciation of this judgment Julia's countenance was really a sight; always transparent, it was now nearly prismatic, so swiftly did various emotions chase one another over those vivid features, emotions that seemed strangely disproportioned to the occasion; for among them were hope, and fear, and shame.

But when Mrs. Dodd arrived at her prosaic conclusion, a kaleidoscope seemed suddenly to shut, so abruptly did the young face lose its mobility and life; and its owner said, sadly and almost doggedly, "My only hope was in you and your wisdom, not in nasty doctors."

This expression, so flattering, at first sight, to a great profession, was but a feminine ellipse; she meant "doctors whose prescriptions are nasty." However, the learned reader has already seen she was not behind her sex in feats of grammar.

That very evening, Mrs. Dodd sent a servant into the town with a note like a cocked hat, and next morning Mr. Coleman the apothecary called. Mrs. Dodd introduced the patient, and as soon as he had examined her pulse and tongue, gave her a signal to retire, and detailed her symptoms: loss of sleep, unevenness of spirits, listlessness, hysteria. Mr. Coleman listened reverentially; then gave his opinion: that there was no sign of consumption, nor indeed of any organic disorder; but considerable functional derangement, which it would be prudent to arrest. He bowed out profoundly, and in one hour a buttoned boy called and delivered a smart salute; a box of twenty-eight pills; and a bottle containing six draughts: the quantity of each was determined by horizontal glass lines raised on the vial at equal distances: the pills contained aloes, colocynth, soap, and another ingredient I have unfortunately forgotten: the draught, steel, calumba root, camphor, and cardamoms. Two pills for every night, a draught three times a day.

"I do not quite understand this, Julia," said Mrs. Dodd; "here are pills for a fortnight, but the bottle will last only two days."

The mystery was cleared by the pretty page arriving every other day with a fresh vial, and a military flourish of hand to cap.

After the third bottle (as topers say), Mrs. Dodd felt uneasy. All this saluting, and firing of vials, at measured intervals, smacked of routine and nonchalance too much to satisfy her tender anxiety; and some instinct whispered that an airy creature, threatened with a mysterious malady, would not lower herself to be cured by machinery.

So she sent for Mr. Osmond, a consulting surgeon, who bore a high reputation in Barkington. He came; and proved too plump for that complete elegance she would have desired in a medical attendant; but had a soft hand, a gentle touch, and a subdued manner. He spoke to the patient with a kindness which won the mother directly; had every hope of setting her right without any violent or disagreeable remedies; but, when she had retired, altered his tone, and told Mrs. Dodd seriously she had done well to send for him in time; it was a case of "Hyperœsthesia" (Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands in alarm), "or, as unprofessional persons would say, 'excessive sensibility.'"

Mrs. Dodd was somewhat relieved. Translation blunts thunder-bolts. She told him she had always feared for her child on that score. But was sensibility curable? Could a nature be changed?

He replied, that the Idiosyncrasy could not; but its morbid excess could, especially when taken in time. Advice was generally called in too late. However, here the only serious symptom was the Insomnia. "We must treat her for that," said he, writing a prescription; "but for the rest, active employment, long walks, or rides, and a change of scene and associations, will be all that will be required. In these cases," resumed Mr. Osmond, "connected as they are with Hyperœmia, medical men consider moderate venesection to be indicated."

"Venesection? Why, that is bleeding," ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, and looked aghast.

Mr. Osmond saw her repugnance, and flowed aside: "But here, where Kephalalgia and other symptoms are wanting, it is not called for in the least; indeed, would be unadvisable." He then put on his gloves, saying, carelessly, "The diet, of course, must be Antiphlogistic."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him warmly for the interest he had shown, and, after ringing the bell, accompanied him herself to the head of the stairs, and then asked him would he add to his kindness by telling her where she could buy *that?*

Mr. Osmond looked surprised at the question, and told her any chemist would make it up for her. It was only a morphine pill, to be taken every night.

"Oh, I do not mean the prescription," explained Mrs. Dodd, "but the new food the dear child is to take? An—flo—Gistic, was it? I had better write it down, Sir;" and she held her wee ivory tablets ready.

Mr. Osmond stared, then smiled superior: "Antiphlogistic is not an esculent, it is a medical term."

"There, see my ignorance!" said Mrs. Dodd, sweetly.

He replied courteously, "I am afraid it is, 'See my rudeness, talking Greek to a lady.' But it is impossible to express medical ideas by popular terms. 'Antiphlogistic' is equivalent to non-inflammatory. You must know that nearly all disorders arise from, or are connected with, 'phlegmon,' that is, morbid heat; inflammation. Then a curative system antagonistic to heat, in short, an Antiphlogistic treatment, restores the healthy equilibrium by the cooling effect of venesection or cupping in violent cases, followed by drastic agents, and by vesication and even salivation if necessary—don't be alarmed! Nothing in so mild a case as this indicates the exhibition of active remedies—and, in all cases, serious or the reverse, the basis of the treatment is a light abstemious diet; a diet at once lowering and cooling: in one word, Antiphlogistic. Let us say then, for breakfast, dry toast with very little butter—no coffee—cocoa (from the nibs), or weak tea: for luncheon, beef-tea or mutton-broth: for dinner, a slice of roast chicken, and tapioca, or semolina, pudding. I would give her one glass of sherry, but no more, and barley-water; it would be as well to avoid brown meats, at all events for the present. With these precautions, my dear madam, I think your anxiety will soon be happily removed."

Upon the good surgeon's departure, Mrs. Dodd went in search of Julia, and told her she was charmed with him. "*So* kind and considerate. He enters into my solicitude, and seems to partake it; and, he speaks under his breath, and selects his expressions. You are to take a narcotic, and long walks, and an antiphlogistic diet."

Julia took her long walks and light diet; and became a little pale at times, and had fewer bursts of high spirits in the intervals of depression. Her mother went with her care to a female friend. The lady said she would not trust to surgeons and apothecaries; she would have a downright physician. "Why not go to the top of the tree at once, and call in Dr. Short? You have heard of him?"

"Oh yes; I have even met him in society; a most refined person; I will certainly follow your advice and consult him. Oh, thank you, Mrs. Bosanquet! Apropos, do you consider him skillful?"

"Oh, immensely; he is a particular friend of my husband's."

This was so convincing, that off went another three-cocked note, and next day a dark green carriage and pair dashed up to Mrs. Dodd's door, and Dr. Short bent himself in an arc, got out, and slowly mounted the stairs. He was six feet two, wonderfully thin, livid, and gentlemanlike. Fine long head, keen eye, lantern jaws. At sight of him Mrs. Dodd rose and smiled, Julia started and sat trembling. He stepped across the room inaudibly, and, after the usual civilities, glanced at the patient's tongue, and touched her wrist delicately. "Pulse is rapid," said he.

Mrs. Dodd detailed the symptoms. Dr. Short listened with the patient politeness of a gentleman, to whom all this was superfluous. He asked for a sheet of note-paper, and divided it so gently, he seemed to be persuading one thing to be two; he wrote a pair of prescriptions, and while thus employed looked up every now and then and conversed with the ladies.

"You have a slight subclavicular affection, Miss Dodd: I mean, a little pain under the shoulder-blade."

"No, Sir," said Julia, quietly.

Dr. Short looked a little surprised; his female patients rarely contradicted him. Was it for them to disown things he was so good as to assign them?

"Ah!" said he, "you are not conscious of it: all the better; it must be slight; a mere uneasiness: no more." He then numbered the prescriptions 1, 2, and advised Mrs. Dodd to drop No. 1 after the eighth day, and substitute No. 2, to be continued until convalescence. He put on his gloves, to leave. Mrs. Dodd, then, with some hesitation, asked him humbly whether she might ask him what the disorder was. "Certainly, madam," said he, graciously; "your daughter is laboring under a slight torpidity of the liver. The first prescription is active, and is to clear the gland itself, and the biliary ducts, of the excretory accumulation; and the second is exhibited to promote a healthy normal habit in that important part of the vascular system."

"A liver complaint, Dr. Short! What, then, it is not Hyperœsthesia?"

"Hyperœsthesia? There is no such disorder in the books."

DR. SHORT PRESCRIBES.

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Dodd. "Dr. Osmond certainly thought it was Hyperœsthesia." And she consulted her wee tablets to establish the word.

Meantime, Dr. Short's mind, to judge by his countenance, was away roaming distant space in search of Osmond. "Osmond? Osmond? I do not know that name in medicine."

"O, O, O!" cried Julia, "and they both live in the same street!" Mrs. Dodd held up her finger to this outspoken patient.

But a light seemed to break in on Dr. Short. "Ah! you mean Mr. Osmond: a surgeon. A very respectable man, a most respectable man. I do not know a more estimable person—in his grade of the profession—than my good friend Mr. Osmond. And he gives opinions in medical cases, does he?" Dr. Short paused, apparently to realize this phenomenon in the world of Mind. He resumed in a different tone: "You may have misunderstood him. Hyperœsthesia exists, of course; since he says so. But Hyperœsthesia is not a Complaint; it is a Symptom. Of biliary derangement. My worthy friend looks at disorders from a mental point; very natural: his interest lies that way, perhaps you are aware: but profounder experience proves that mental sanity is merely one of the results of bodily health: and I am happy to assure you that, the biliary canal once cleared, and the secretions restored to the healthy habit, by these prescriptions, the Hyperœsthesia, and other concomitants of hepatic derangement, will disperse, and leave our interesting patient in the enjoyment of her natural intelligence, her friends' affectionate admiration, and above all, of a sound constitution. Ladies, I have the honor—" and the Doctor eked out this sentence by rising.

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Short," said Mrs. Dodd, rising with him; "you inspire me with confidence and gratitude." As if under the influence of these feelings only she took Dr. Short's palm, and pressed it. Of the two hands, which met for a moment then, one was soft and melting, the other a bunch of bones; but both were very white, and so equally adroit, that a double fee passed without the possibility of a by-stander suspecting it.

For the benefit of all young virgins afflicted like Julia Dodd, here are the Doctor's prescriptions:

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Pil: Hydrarg: Chlor: Co:
singul: nocte sumend:
Decoc: Aloes Co: ℥j
omni mane.
vjii. Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

℞ Conf: Sennæ.
Potass: Bitartrat.
Extr: Tarax: ā ā ℥ss.
Misft: Elect: Cujus sum: ℥j omni mane.
xviii. Sept. J. S.

Id: Anglicè reddit: per me Carol: Arundin:
The same done into English by me C. R.

FOR MISS DODD.

1. O Jupiter aid us!! Plummer's pill to be taken every night. 1 oz. compound decoction of Aloes every morning. 8th Sept. J. S.

FOR MISS DODD.

2. O Jupiter aid us!! with Confection of Senna, Bitartrate of Potash, extract of Dandelion, of each half an ounce, let an electuary be mixed; of which let her take 1 drachm every morning. 18th Sept. J. S.

"Quite the courtier," said Mrs. Dodd, delighted. Julia assented; she even added, with a listless yawn, "I had no idea that a skeleton was such a gentlemanlike thing; I never saw one before."

Mrs. Dodd admitted he was very thin.

"Oh no, mamma; thin implies a little flesh. When he felt my pulse, a chill struck to my heart; Death in a black suit seemed to steal up to me, and lay a finger on my wrist: and mark me for his own."

Mrs. Dodd forbade her to give way to such gloomy ideas; and expostulated firmly with her for judging learned men by their bodies. "However," said she, "if the good, kind doctor's remedies do not answer his expectations and mine, I shall take you to London directly. I do hope papa will soon be at home."

Poor Mrs. Dodd was herself slipping into a morbid state. A mother collecting Doctors! It is a most fascinating kind of connoisseurship; grows on one like Drink; like Polemics; like Melodrama; like the Millennium; like any Thing.

Sure enough the very next week she and Julia sat patiently at the morning levee of an eminent and titled London surgeon. Full forty patients were before them: so they had to wait and wait. At last they were ushered into the presence-chamber, and Mrs. Dodd entered on the beaten ground of her daughter's symptoms. The noble surgeon stopped her civilly but promptly. "Auscultation will give us the clew," said he, and drew his stethoscope. Julia shrank, and cast an appealing look at her mother; but Mrs. Dodd persuaded her to it by taking part in the examination, and making it as delicate as possible. The young lady sat panting, with cheeks flushing shame, and eyes flashing indignation. The impassive chevalier reported on each organ in turn without moving his ear from the key-hole. "Lungs pretty sound," said he, a little plaintively: "so is the liver. Now for the—Hum? There is no kardiac insufficiency, I think, neither mitral nor tricuspid. If we find no tendency to hypertrophy we shall do very well. Ah, I have succeeded in diagnosing a slight diastolic murmur; very slight." He deposited the instrument, and said, not without a certain shade of satisfaction that his research had not been fruitless, "The Heart is the peccant organ."

"Oh, Sir! is it serious?" said poor Mrs. Dodd.

"By no means. Try this" (he scratched a prescription which would not have misbecome the tomb of Cheops); "and come again in a month." Ting! He struck a bell. That "ting" said, "Go, live Guinea! and another come!"

"Heart disease now!" said Mrs. Dodd, sinking back in her hired carriage, and the tears were in her patient eyes.

"My own, own mamma," said Julia, earnestly, "do not distress yourself! I have no disease in the world, but my old, old, old one, of being a naughty, wayward girl. As for you, mamma, you have resigned your own judgment to your inferiors, and that is both our misfortunes. Dear, dear mamma, do take me to a doctress next time, if you have not had enough."

"To a what, love?"

"A she-doctor, then."

"A female physician, child? There is no such thing. No; assurance is becoming a characteristic of our sex: but we have not yet intruded ourselves into the learned professions; thank Heaven."

"Excuse me, mamma, there are one or two; for the newspapers say so."

"Well, dear, there are none in this country; happily."

"What, not in London?"

"No."

"Then what *is* the use of such a great overgrown place, all smoke, if there is nothing in it you can not find in the country? Let us go back to Barkington this very day, this minute, this instant; oh, pray, pray."

"And so you shall—to-morrow. But you must pity your poor mother's anxiety, and see Dr. Chalmers first."

"Oh, mamma, not another surgeon! He frightened me; he hurt me; I never heard of such a thing; he ought to be ashamed of himself; oh, please not another surgeon."

"It is not a surgeon, dear; it is the Court Physician."

The Court Physician detected "a somewhat morbid condition of the great nervous centres." To an inquiry whether there was heart-disease, he replied, "Pooh!" On being told Sir William had announced heart-disease, he said, "Ah! that alters the case entirely." He maintained, however, that it must be trifling, and would go no further, the nervous system once restored to its healthy tone. "O, Jupiter, aid us! Blue pill and black draught."

Dr. Kenyon found the mucous membrane was irritated and required soothing. "O, Jupiter, etc. Blue pill and Seidlitz powder."

Mrs. Dodd returned home consoled and confused; Julia listless and apathetic. Tea was ordered, with two or three kinds of bread, thinnest slices of meat, and a little blanc mange, etc., their favorite repast after a journey; and, while the tea was drawing, Mrs. Dodd looked over the card-tray and enumerated the visitors that had called during their absence: "Dr. Short—Mr. Osmond—Mrs. Hetherington—Mr. Alfred Hardie—Lady Dewry—Mrs. and Miss Bosanquet. What a pity Edward was not at home, dear; Mr. Alfred Hardie's visit must have been to him."

"Oh, of course, mamma."

"A very manly young gentleman."

"Oh yes. No. He is so rude."

"Is he? Ah, he was ill just then, and pain irritates gentlemen: they are not accustomed to it, poor Things."

"That is like you, dear mamma; making excuses for one." Julia added, faintly, "but he is so impetuous."

"I have a daughter who reconciles me to impetuosity. And he *must* have a good heart, he was so kind to my boy."

Julia looked down smiling; but presently seemed to be seized with a spirit of contradiction; she began to pick poor Alfred to pieces; he was this, that, and the other; and then so bold, she might say impudent.

Mrs. Dodd replied calmly that he was very kind to her boy.

"Oh, mamma, you can not approve all the words he spoke."

"It is not worth while to remember all the words young gentlemen speak, nowadays; he was very kind to my boy, I remember that."

The tea was now ready, and Mrs. Dodd sat down, and patted a chair, with a smile of invitation for Julia to come and sit beside her. But Julia said, "In one minute, dear," and left the room.

When she came back, she fluttered up to her mother and kissed her vehemently, then sat down radiant. "Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, "why, you are looking yourself once more. How do you feel now? Better?"

"How do I feel? Let me see: the world seems one e-nor-mous flower-garden, and Me the butterfly it all belongs to." She spake, and to confirm her words the airy thing went waltzing, sailing, and fluttering round the room, and sipping mamma every now and then on the wing.

In this buoyancy she remained some twenty-four hours; and then came clouds and chills, which, in their turn, gave way to exultation, duly followed by depression. Her spirits were so uncertain, that things too minute to justify narration turned the scale either way: a word from Mrs. Dodd—a new face at St. Anne's Church looking devoutly her way—a piece of town gossip distilled in her ear by Mrs. Maxley—and she was sprightly or languid, and both more than reason.

Mrs. Dodd had not the clew; and each extreme caused her anxiety; for her own constitution, and her experience of life, led her to connect health, and happiness too, with gentle, even spirits.

One drizzly afternoon they were sitting silent and saddish in the drawing-room, Mrs. Dodd correcting the mechanical errors in a drawing of Julia's, and admiring the rare dash and vigor, and Julia doggedly studying Dr. Whately's Logic, with now and then a sigh, when suddenly a trumpet seemed to articulate in the little hall: "Mestress Doedd at home?"

The lady rose from her seat, and said, with a smile of pleasure, "I hear a voice."

The door opened, and in darted a hard-featured, gray-headed man, laughing and shouting like a school-boy broke loose. He cried out, "Aha! I've found y' out at last." Mrs. Dodd glided to meet him, and put out both her hands, the palms downward, with the prettiest air of lady-like cordiality; he shook them heartily. "The vagabins said y' had left the town; but y' had only flitted from the quay to the subbubs; 'twas a pashint put me on the scint of ye. And how are y' all these years? an' how's Sawmill?"

"Sawmill! What is that?"

"It's just your husband. Isn't his name Sawmill?"

"Dear, no! Have you forgotten?—David."

"Ou, ay. I knew it was some Scripcher Petrarch or another, Daavid, or Naathan, or Sawmill. He is a fine lad any way—and how is he, and where is he?"

Mrs. Dodd replied that he was on the seas, but expect—

"Then I wish him well off 'em, confound 'em onenall! Halloa! why, this will be the little girl grown up int' a wumman while ye look round."

"Yes, my good friend; and her mother's darling."

"And she's a bonny lass, I can tell ye. But no freend to the Dockers, I see."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dodd, sadly, "looks are deceitful; she is under medical advice at this very—"

"Well, that won't hurt her, unless she takes it." And he burst into a ringing laugh: but, in the middle of it, stopped dead short, and his face elongated. "Lordsake, mad'm," said he, impressively, "mind what y' are at, though; Barkton's just a trap for fanciful femuls: there's a n'oily ass called Osmond, and a canting cut-throat called Stephenson, and a genteel, cadaveris old assassin called Short, as long as a may-pole; they'd soon take the rose out of Miss Floree's cheek here. Why, they'd starve Cupid, an' veneseck Venus, an' blister Pomonee, the vagabins."

Mrs. Dodd looked a little confused, and exchanged speaking glances with Julia. However, she said, calmly, "I *have* consulted Mr. Osmond and Dr. Short, but have not relied on them alone. I have taken her to Sir William Best. And to Dr. Chalmers. And to Dr. Kenyon." And she felt invulnerable behind her phalanx of learning and reputation.

"Good Hivens!" roared the visitor, "what a gauntlet o' gabies for one girl to run; and come out alive! And the picter of health. My faith, Miss Floree, y' are tougher than ye look."

"My daughter's name is Julia," observed Mrs. Dodd, a little haughtily; but instantly recovering herself, she said, "This is Dr. Sampson, love, an old friend of your mother's."

"And th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothairmal Therey o' Midicine, th' Unity Perriodicity an' Remittency f' all disease," put in the visitor, with such prodigious swiftness of elocution, that the words went tumbling over one another like railway carriages out on pleasure, and the sentence was a pile of loud, indistinct syllables.

Julia's lovely eyes dilated at this clishmaclaver, and she bowed coldly. Dr. Sampson was repulsive to her: he had revealed in this short interview nearly all the characteristics of voice, speech, and manner she had been taught from infancy to shun: boisterous, gesticulatory, idiomatic; and had taken the discourse out of her mamma's mouth twice; now Albion Villa was a Red Indian hut in one respect: here nobody interrupted.

Mrs. Dodd had little personal egotism, but she had a mother's, and could not spare this opportunity of adding another Doctor to her collection: so she said, hurriedly, "Will you permit me to show you what your learned confrères have prescribed her?" Julia sighed aloud, and deprecated the subject with earnest furtive signs; Mrs. Dodd would not see them. Now, Dr. Sampson was himself afflicted with what I shall venture to call a mental ailment; to wit, a furious intolerance of other men's opinions; he had not even patience to hear them.

"Mai—dear—mad'm," said he, hastily, "when you've told me their names, that's enough. Short treats her for liver, Sir William goes in for lung disease or heart, Chalmers sis it's the nairves, and Kinyon the mukis membrin; and *I* say they are fools and lyres all four."

"Julia!" ejaculated Mrs. Dodd, "this is very extraordinary."

"No, it is not extraordinary," cried Dr. Sampson, defiantly: "nothing is extraordinary. And d'ye think I've known these shallow men thirty years, and not plumbed 'um?"

"Shallow, my good friend? Excuse me! they are the ablest men in your own branch of your own learned profession."

"Th' ablest?! Oh, you mean the money-makingest: now listen me! our lairned Profession is a rascally one. It is like a barrel of beer. What rises to the top?" Here he paused for a moment, then answered himself furiously, "THE SCUM!"

This blast blown, he moderated a little. "Look see!" said he, "up to three or four thousand a year, a Docker is often an honest man, and sometimes knows something of midicine: not much, because it is not taught any where; but if he is making over five thousand, he must be a rogue, or else a fool: either he has booed an' booed, and cript an' crawled, int' wholesale collusion with th' apothecary an' th' accoucheur—the two jockeys that drive John Bull's faemily coach—and they are sueking the pashint togither like a leash o' leeches; or else he has turned spicialist; has tacked his name to some poplar disorder, real or imaginary; it needn't exist to be poplar. Now, those four you have been to are spicialists, and that means monomaniucs—why on airth didn't ye come to me among the rest?—their buddies exspatiate in West-ind squares, but their souls dwell in a n'alley ivery man Jack of 'em: Aberford's in Stomicli Alley, Chalmers's in Nairve Court, Short's niver stirs out o' Liver Lane, Paul's is stuck fast in Kidney Close, Kinyon's in Mukis Membrin Mews, and Hibbards's in Lung Passage. Look see! nixt time y' are out of sorts, stid o' consulting three bats an' a n'owl at a guinea the piece, send direct to me, and I'll give y' all their opinions, and all their prescriptions, *gratis*. And deevilich dear ye'll find 'em at the price, if ye swallow 'm."

Mrs. Dodd thanked him coldly for the offer, but said she would be more grateful if he would show his superiority to persons of known ability, by just curing her daughter on the spot.

"Well, I will," said he, carelessly; and all his fire died out of him. "Put out your tongue! —Now your pulse!"

THE "KEOKUK."

WE publish on page 269 an engraving of the double-turreted iron-clad "KEOKUK," which was sunk at the attack on Charleston. The following is a history and description of this vessel:

The *Keokuk* was designed by Mr. C. W. Whitney, of this city, and was built at the yard of J. S. Underhill and Co., Dry Dock Iron Works. She was launched in the early part of last winter, and sailed from New York on the 11th March, arriving at Port Royal on the 26th.

The *Keokuk* was not only a two-turreted vessel, but was also a ram. She was smaller than the Ericsson Monitors, being 159 feet 6 inches over all, including the ram, which was 5 feet long. She had a beam of 36 feet, with a depth of hold of 13 feet 6 inches, and drew 9 feet of water. Her sides sloped inward at an angle of thirty-seven degrees, to shed the enemy's shot.

She was built of iron, and her armor extended nearly four feet below the water-line. The horizontal deck was five feet above the water-line. Her propulsive power was furnished by two propellers and two engines of five hundred horse power. The hull of the vessel was constructed of half-inch rolled iron. She had three keelsons running the whole length of the vessel, and two fore and aft bulkheads, leaving on each side a space, and forming an inner skin, which would probably keep out the water in the event of the outer skin being pierced by shot. In addition to these she had two bulk-heads—one forward and one aft—which could be filled with water, so as to settle the vessel down while in action. These could be filled in fifteen minutes and pumped out in forty minutes. In using the ram, should the vessel be wrenched so as to cause leakage, the compartment alluded to was to preserve the vessel from sinking. The vessel was submerged one foot by the appliance of these water-tanks.

The turrets were immovable, the gun revolving to the three ports placed in each turret. They weighed each 40 tons, and were built of a ground-work of half-inch, rolled plates, like the hull, covered with bars of iron four inches thick, standing edgeways, placed one and a quarter inches apart, the interstices being filled with yellow pine. Over all this were three plates, each five-eighths of an inch thick—the whole structure bolted together with one and one-eighth inch bolts, with countersunk heads, one foot apart. The turrets, therefore, were six and a quarter inches thick. Each turret had three ports, with heavy shutters working in two halves—one port on each side, and one forward and aft. Each turret contained an 11-inch gun, carrying a 180-pound shot. These guns moved on revolving slides, which were placed on a floor 20 inches below the level of the deck, thus giving a greater height to the turrets, which were 20 feet in diameter at the base, 14 feet at the top—being cone-shaped—and 8 feet 8 inches high. The turrets were additionally supported within by bars of five by one inch iron, set edgeways, fifteen inches apart; and the ports were made sufficiently large to give the guns ten degrees vertical and eight degrees lateral range.

The rudder and propeller were guarded by an overhanging structure and a wrought guard on the after-part. This little vessel carried one hundred men all told, and had capacity in her two magazines for two hundred 11-inch shot, one hundred and fifty 11-inch shell, with shrapnel and canister, small ammunition and powder in proportion. She appeared admirably calculated for river work, her light draught and easy guidance, by means of two propellers, fitting her especially for intricate navigation. Her builder was confident that, though in some respects novel in construction, she would be found as shot-proof and serviceable as any: and the care and completeness with which he applied every precaution, and multiplied means for offense and defense, gave hopes of a most efficient boat. Mr. Whitney was one of the earliest to urge the propriety of building a shot-proof fleet, and his studies in the question, as well as his knowledge of the qualities of iron, gave his opinions weight.

The ventilation of the vessel had been carefully attended to, and the accommodations for the officers and crew were of an excellent character.

In many points the details of this vessel were new and interesting. For instance, the entire lower portion of the sides of the turrets could be thrown open to admit light and air, and, of course, to effect the expulsion of foul air; and, there being a passage on each side of the vessel, communicating from one turret to the other, a constant circulation of air was kept up without artificial means, although such means were provided, and which would, in the opinion of many, have rendered the vessel, in point of ventilation, second to none.

ERICSSON'S DEVIL.

ON page 269 we give a drawing and plan of the famous new weapon of naval warfare known as ERICSSON'S DEVIL. It is intended to destroy torpedoes, and had it done its work at Charleston, our iron-clads would not have been repulsed on 7th. Four of these devils were made here and sent down to Charleston. All four were lost on the way. One, however, was picked up at sea, and is now in the hands of Admiral Dupont. It seems, however, not to have been used in the attack on 7th.

THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH PIRATE "ALABAMA."

THE IRON-CLADS AT CHARLESTON.

On pages 264 and 265 we publish two views of Charleston Harbor—one from the Battery, looking seaward, and showing Fort Sumter in the distance; another from our blockading fleet, showing the entrance to the harbor, with our iron-clads just over the bar.

The following narrative of the attack of 7th is from the officers of the *Keokuk:*

The fleet, after leaving Hilton Head, rendezvoused in the mouth of the Edisto. Several days were occupied in gathering the vessels and making final arrangements—issuing orders and otherwise arranging for the great combat. All being completed, the fleet left in detachments, and assembled off Charleston on Sunday, the 5th instant. The iron-clad fleet crossed the bar and entered Charleston Harbor on Monday. The *Keokuk*, drawing less water than any of the others, was sent in first, to find the channel and replace the buoys. Proceeding up the main ship-channel, the *Keokuk* found an easy and unobstructed entrance, with full eighteen feet of water in the shallowest places—more than has ever before been on Charleston bar. The buoys were replaced without difficulty, the rebels offering no opposition.

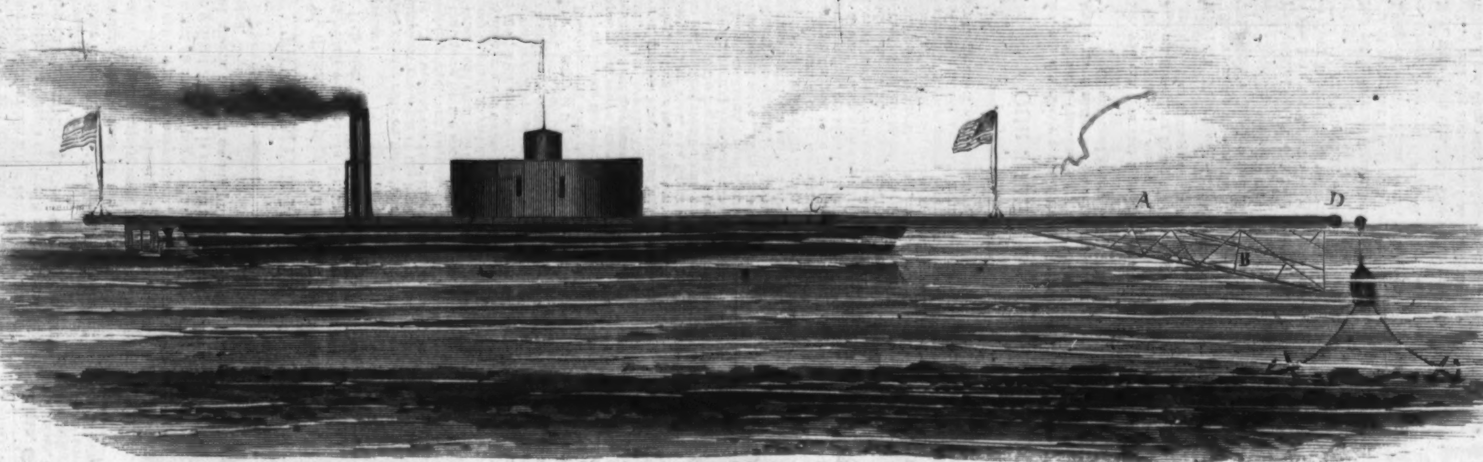
The *Keokuk* returned to the fleet, and on the morning of the 7th the order was given the iron-clads to enter the harbor. The order was to proceed in single file, or in line ahead. The *Weehawken* was the leading vessel, having in front of her a scow, and then between the scow and herself Ericsson's torpedo exploder, or "devil," as it has been called.

The *Ironsides*, with Admiral Dupont on board, was the fifth in line, and the *Keokuk* the last. In this order the bar was passed in safety, without detention.

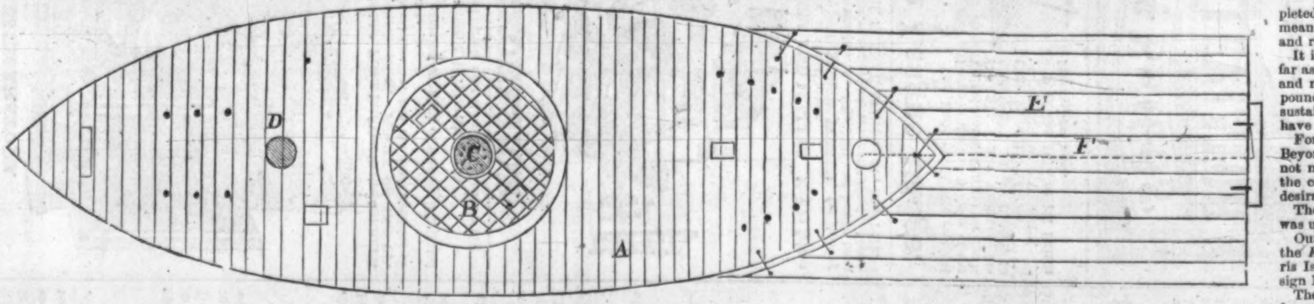
The order given to the commanders of the various vessels was to keep on straight up the harbor until they were within one thousand yards of the forts, and then to attack, directing their efforts principally against Fort Sumter.

In this order the fleet moved on steadily and gallantly up toward Forts Sumter and Moultrie, the rebels withholding their fire until they got well up into the harbor. The *Ironsides* stopped off Fort Moultrie, and let go her anchor, it being dangerous to take her farther up on account of her drawing over fifteen feet. At this moment there seemed to be a temporary misunderstanding, and all the iron-clads, except the *Weehawken* and the *Keokuk*, gathered about the *Ironsides*, apparently supposing that she had grounded and needed assistance. They were, however, soon signaled to go into action. The *Keokuk* had kept inward until she led the line, and had advanced to within four hundred yards of Fort Sumter, against whose granite walls she hailed her heavy shot with all the rapidity that the energy of her brave crew could furnish. The rebels, as was expected, immediately concentrated their fire on the *Keokuk*, which assumed to lead in the attack. From Sumter, Moultrie, Batteries Beauregard on Cummings Point, and from a fort erected on the middle ground, the fire of four or five hundred guns were concentrated in a terrible hail upon the devoted vessel. Such a fire had never, perhaps, in the history of the world been equaled. It was met by the officers of the *Keokuk* with heroic fortitude, while the balls were striking her at the rate of one every second. Her guns were worked with vigor and precision, and their weight and force were already making their mark upon the walls of Sumter.

THE ERICSSON DEVIL AND "WEEHAWKEN."



A, Raft.—B, Torpedo-catcher.—C, Battery.—D, Infernal Machine.



DECK PLAN.

A, Ericsson Battery.—B, Turret.—C, Pilot-house.—D, Smoke-stack.—E, Raft or Devil.—F, Lock String.—G, Infernal Machine.

It soon, however, became apparent that she had none of the impregnability of Ericsson's Monitors—that, in fact, she was a failure. The rebel balls seemed to penetrate her as easily as if a wooden vessel. The port-holes or shutters of her turrets became jammed and her guns practically unserviceable.

During the thirty minutes she remained under this concentrated fire one hundred shot struck her, ninety of which were water-line shots, or such as would cause her to leak in a seaway. In fact, she was perfectly riddled. Her flag was shot into tatters and the whole of her sides battered, bruised, and pierced. Perceiving the severe injuries she had received, the Admiral signaled her to retire out of action and anchor beyond range. This was safely accomplished.

In the mean time the Monitors *Nahant* and *Catskill* had moved up to the support of the *Keokuk*, and engaged Fort Sumter. The *Ironsides* and other vessels at longer range were dividing their attention between Moultrie and Sumter. Into and on the latter fort a heavy fire was thus poured, and, it is believed, not without effect.

The engagement was kept up from one until four o'clock, when, in obedience to the Admiral's signals, the fleet retired slowly, receiving and returning the rebel fire until they anchored out of range within the bar.

The *Weehawken* was assigned the important duty which was faithfully performed in the midst of the fight, to examine, and, if possible, to fire the obstructions which the rebels have extended across the harbor from Fort Sumter to Moultrie. Protected by the scow and the "devil" in front of her, she pushed straight up toward the obstructions. They were found to consist of a net-work of chains and cables stretched across the harbor, over which it was impossible for the *Weehawken* to run without fouling her propeller, and which she found it impossible to force. To the net-work the rebels are supposed to have suspended torpedoes and other submarine explosives. Having completed examination, and tested the impossibility of working up the harbor until means are devised for the removal of these obstructions, the *Weehawken* returned and reported to Admiral Dupont, who ordered a discontinuance of the conflict.

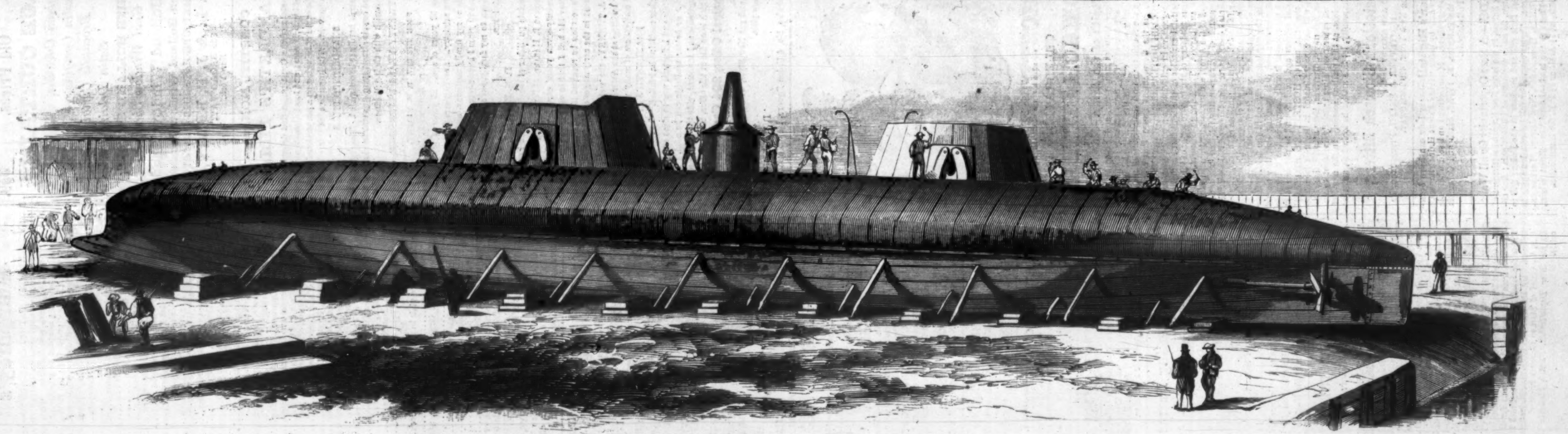
It is believed that the damage done to Fort Sumter by our fire was serious. So far as it showed externally it consisted in two embrasures being knocked into one, and numerous indentations in the wall, which, it is believed, a few hours more pounding would convert into a serious breach. What damage or loss of life was sustained in the interior of the fort is not, of course, known, but it is believed to have been considerable.

Fort Moultrie was also well hammered, and at least one gun was dismounted. Beyond the sinking of the *Keokuk*, the damage to the iron-clads was very slight, not more than would require twenty-four hours to repair. They all came out of the contest in fighting trim, and able to have continued the conflict had it been desirable.

The *Ironsides* was hit frequently, but besides having one port shutter injured was unharmed.

Our informant heard of no serious casualties on board any of the vessels except the *Keokuk*. This vessel sunk next morning, about one thousand yards from Morris Island beach. She had thirteen wounded, two of whom, including Acting-Ensign M'Intosh, will probably die.

The "devil" was not lost, as stated by the rebel dispatches. When the *Weehawken* returned from the reconnoissance of the obstructions, the scow she had in tow broke loose and grounded off Morris Island. The rebels, thinking it a dangerous affair, peppered away at it, thinking it was the "devil," or something worse.



THE IRON-CLAD "KEOKUK" ON THE WAYS BEFORE LAUNCHING.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

ADMIRAL DUPONT.

WE publish on page 257 a portrait of ADMIRAL DUPONT, commanding our fleet off Charleston.

Samuel F. Dupont is a native of Delaware, and is about sixty years of age. He entered the navy on 19th December, 1815, and rose steadily in his profession to the rank of Captain. At the outbreak of the war he had been twenty-two years at sea, and eight and a half years on active duty on shore. From 1859 to 1861 he was commandant of the Navy-yard at Philadelphia. When the war broke out he was appointed Commodore, and was given the command of the naval expedition against Beaufort, South Carolina.

On 5th November he made his first reconnoissance of the rebel batteries at Hilton Head and Bay Point, the operation being very similar to the affair of 7th inst. at Charleston. Having drawn the rebel fire, and ascertained the position of the batteries, the Admiral (then Commodore) made every preparation for the attack, which was commenced on 7th November and terminated in the surrender of the two forts within a few hours. Dupont's plan of attack, the vessels sailing in a circle, and delivering an incessant fire, has been the subject of much encomium.

Ever since this affair Dupont has remained in command of the fleet of the Department of the South. He has lately been mustering his iron-clads for the bombardment of Charleston, and on 7th made a preliminary attack, of which we give an account on another page. Having felt the enemy, the gallant Admiral is now in a position to make a real attack as soon as his preparations are completed.

THE SUMTER MEETING.

We illustrate on page 260 the MASS WAR MEETING which was held in Union Square in this city on 11th inst. The following account is from the *Tribune*:

The Sumter rally on Saturday at Union Square was a triumphant gathering of the loyal people of the Empire City. The weather was fine; the concourse immense; the speeches patriotic and eloquent. Six stands were erected on the Square for the accommodation of the orators and musicians, and upon each of these were flags of stars, with appropriate mottoes and devices. The magnificent statue of Washington was decorated with a rosette of red, white, and blue, with streamers, and trimmed with evergreens. The vast assemblage of people pouring in from every street at an early hour surged about the stands, forming a sea of upturned faces beaming with patriotic devotion to their country. Many of the public buildings and large edifices on Broadway and other parts of the city had the National flag flying during the day. Captain Mowbray and Henry Brewster each sent a brass piece, from which a salute of one hundred and fifty guns was fired. The police arrangements, under Inspector Carpenter, were all that could be desired, and the utmost order was preserved throughout the day. It was a magnificent mass meeting of the loyal citizens of New York, who, forgetting their party associations and political predilections, made haste to show their allegiance to the flag which had been struck from its staff by rebel cannon at Fort Sumter two years ago. When the speaking commenced, Union Square presented an imposing and animated scene. Here the white locks of Daniel S. Dickinson were streaming in the wind, while his pungent sentences stirred the souls of his auditors with intense emotions; there Governor Morton of Indiana reasoned of the righteousness of our cause and the judgment that will come upon traitors, while Generals Fremont and Sigel, at different stands, but almost within hearing of each other, moved their hearers with a spirit of enthusiasm which was expressed in cheer upon cheer and sentiments of high commendation. Handkerchiefs and flags were waved by the fair hands of ladies who filled the doorways, windows, and balconies that border the Square, and the booming cannon seemed to give emphasis to the sentiments so spiritedly applauded. The short pauses between the speeches were filled with music that chimed harmoniously with the masterly eloquence of the speakers.

OUR JUBILEE.

AH, you can calmly prate of that glad day
When war's tumultuous cry shall cease,
And a proud nation's voice takes up the lay
Of universal peace.

Yes, you can give that time brave welcoming,
Right royal stand among your fellow-men,
And set the echoes flying till they sing
The triumph strain again.

Why not? *Your* household lights still brightly beam;
You've never watched them paling on your sight,
Till suddenly they lost their faintest gleam
And faded into night.

By desolated hearth, with head bowed low,
You have not sat with heart of wild despair,
Waiting in anguish for the coming blow,
And prayed for strength to bear.

Nor yet in feverish dreams have feebly lain,
And seen your loved, with fastly-ebbing breath,
Lying on battle-field in mortal, gasping pain,
Wrestling alone with death.

Nay, more than this. No hour within your life
Has held the anguish of that fearful day,
When I had done with rending doubts and strife,
And knelt, but could not pray.

"Thy will!" It is an easy thing to say
When those you love meet death upon your breast,
When in your arms they breathe their life away,
And sweetly sink to rest.

But oh! 'tis hard, and pallid lips are dumb,
When dear ones die afar from kindred ties;
But God forgives, and in the days that come
The sorrow sanctifies.

I'm very weak. Your words were idly said.
I'm glad your household lights have never waned;
That you have not to mourn o'er loved ones dead
Ere Freedom's heights were gained.

'Tis meet that you should usher in the hour
That gives to us our land redeemed and free,
With mirth, and shout, and cannon's mighty roar,
And song of jubilee.

But oh! I tell you, there are some that day
Who'll pray for strength rebellious thoughts to calm,
For whom will rise above victorious lay
A sad, funereal psalm:

Who'll say in tears, with lowly, drooping head,
"We can not join in song and jubilee,
O land redeemed! thou hast our martyred dead—
Their blood hath ransomed thee!"

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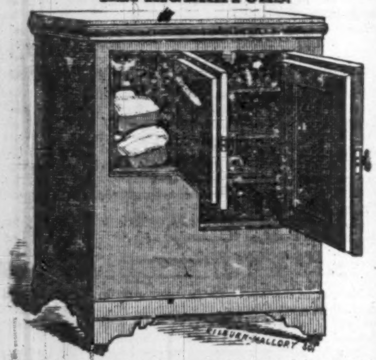

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For May, 1863.

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